Typhoid And Swans

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Typhoid And Swans

by ElizaD

Summary

Will Graham and Hannibal Lecter have been married for almost ten years when Jack Crawford and Garret Jacob Hobbs almost ruin everything. Will is ordered to see a therapist and who does Alana recommend but his beloved husband? Only Hannibal's closest friends know about his pretty husband. Jack is unaware and Hannibal and Will enjoy playing with him, awaiting the big reveal with anticipation.

Notes

Sanguineheroine wanted to have Will and Hannibal being secretly married before Jack introduces them. I did intend a one shot but really wanted to end a chapter here. There will most likely be one or two more with oodles of smut and murder husbands in love.

More tags will be added as the story progresses.

See the end of the work for more notes

The Night We Met

Will Graham was not a killer. As a homicide cop he could never pull the trigger, afraid to open that door and what would be unleashed if he did. He didn't even carry a gun when he was off duty. Will Graham did make arrests, he was good at collecting evidence, making connections and had more than one high profile case make the press. Vicious killers put behind bars by his bravery and intelligence. Walking home alone, at night, after a few too many drinks, unarmed in the wake of one of these arrests was stupid. For years afterwards he questioned whether he had been tempting death, trying to escape the demons in his mind. He knew who he had put away, knew that the evil bastard was more than a killer and had partners and minions and rivals who would all be more than happy to take him out for their own reasons. Undercover never suited him, he was too awkward and New Orleans couldn't get enough photos of hero cops. Will Graham was not anonymous and he was not hiding.

It was Jason Carmen's brother who found him first, just as he turned into a darkened alley. A stupid move that took less than five minutes off his journey home. He didn't run when he heard the rough slurred voice of the heir to one of the worst crime organisations the state had ever known. Jason was ruthless and his murder count reached into the high dozens but he had his reasons, protection, power, an unforgivable slight. The younger Carmen, Oliver, was a different beast entirely. He ran the darker side of their business and was a psychopath, he murdered and mutilated on a whim and Will Graham had put the only person he cared about behind bars. The only surprise was that he had taken more than forty-eight hours to find him. "Hey. Piece of shit!" He announced himself loudly, voice slurred. His clearly drunken state did not make him any less dangerous, the man had been handling guns since he could lift one and could easily kill with more alcohol in his veins than blood.

"Put it down Oliver," he said, voice dead. "You'll only end up in jail with your brother."

"Don't you fucking talk about my brother, bitch!" He spat, face turning red with rage. "I don't care what happens after I put you in the ground for what you did to us!" Will didn't flinch, his empathy allowed him to feel what the monster before him felt but it would not save him now. It only made facing his death easier. Oliver truly believed that Will deserved this and as that belief leaked into Will he remembered the victims who died because he wouldn't, couldn't, pull the trigger. Hostages sacrificed and victims who died a few days after Will failed. Yes, he had taken Jason off the streets but that would never bring back the innocents he failed. "Last words?" He sneered, ugly face twisting in hatred. Will closed his eyes and waited for oblivion. It never came, no gunshot and no pain.

He opened his eyes to find his end laying face down on the floor, the scent of blood in the air and a shadowy figure stood over him. As the man stepped over the prone body Will felt fear hit him full force. He backed up until his back hit the rough brick wall, every nerve was jumping, the warm summer air feeling suffocating and he knew his eyes were dilated. Every sense was screaming danger at him but his body shut down, unable to do anything but stare. The stranger cocked his head examining Will with interest, appreciation, Will hated eye contact but could not tear his gaze from the crimson irises. His muscles warmed as though preparing to bolt but he felt trapped and couldn't think clearly. He jerked violently when the man's hand came out to stoke along his cheekbone, with a soft smile. "What did you do to him?" He asked softly in a fine accented voice. Will felt his stomach melt and to his horror he was becoming hard, his body caught between fear and arousal. "Answer me," the man ordered.

"I arrested his brother," Will answered, his voice wavering.

"Jason Carmen, arguably the lesser of the two evils," he said with mild interest. "He has several cop killings on his record, some suspected, others confirmed. I believed a man like that was sentenced to be shot on sight." Will didn't answer, the silent moment stretched on forever and Will felt sweat bead on his brow. He let out a strangled gasp when the man leaned forwards pressing his nose to Will's neck inhaling deeply. "A deeply unfortunate aftershave," he commented, drawing back to examine Will further. "But otherwise, quite lovely," he praised softly.

The man slumped on the ground began to moan softly, dragging himself back to consciousness. A micro-expression of irritation swept over the predator's elegant face as he stepped away to kick the gun from the criminal's grasp. Crouching down he plunged a discreet needle into his neck, holding his head to stop it crashing against the hard floor when he slid under again. "There," he whispered. "No more interruptions," he stood and with impressive strength lifted the heaving mass and carried his dead weight until he reached a nondescript car blocking the entrance to the alley. He lifted the trunk lid and dumped the man inside, he fit easily as though his fate was planned. The man straightened up and turned to Will. "Get in," Will's eyes widened and he felt his head shake minutely. The man's face hardened as he stepped forward. "Get in, now," he ordered, voice silky smooth and laced with danger. Will bolted, racing towards the open end driven by adrenaline and pure terror, he saw with perfect clarity that if he went with this man now he would never escape. The sounds of his footsteps and heavier ones echoed around the alley as Will raced toward the lights opposite, if he could make it to a bar he might escape. Use their phone to call for back-up, maybe even save Oliver's life before arresting him for threatening an officer of the law. He'd been ready to accept death but being captured by the predator was a much more frightening prospect. Just a foot from the mouth of the alley he felt strong arms pull him back against a firm chest, his right wrist twisted painfully when he tried to escape his clutches. A warm and surprisingly soft hand cut off his shout of terror and fingers cloed his nostrils. He thrashed

and bucked wildly, kicking his legs as he was pulled further away from potential safety, his chest burning as his captive cooed soft reassurance peppered with endearments into his ear. His vision grew blurred around the edges, he needed air but there was not one sliver of oxygen available to him. He felt himself go limp, slumping against the hard body holding him up, firm but not painful. “Hush, beautiful, just let go.”

Blackness claimed him.

Will jolted awake in a rumbelling car, his wrist throbbing painfully where his hands were bound to the headrest behind him. “Welcome back,” a soft voice said. “How is your wrist?” He asked conversationally.

“Who are you?” Will demanded, winching as he struggled against his bonds.

“Stop. You will make your injury worse doing that, I can tend to it when we get home and give you some painkillers. My intention was not to hurt you but if you attempt to run again I will do what I need to,” he said firmly.

“Where are you taking me?”

“Home,” the man answered calmly. “My name is Hannibal Lecter. Please tell me yours,” Will tucked his chin low, refusing to answer. “I’m sure the pig in the trunk could tell me.”

“Will Graham,” he answered quietly.

“Very good, Will,” he said pleasantly.

“Why did you take him?” Will asked, voice shaky.

“I intend to kill him, I was following him but was unaware he was following you,” Hannibal explained. “I normally would have noticed but most do not drink as heavily as him when

tracking their prey," he defended himself, as though wanting Will to see him as a good hunter.

"Are you going to kill me too?" Will asked.

"I hope not to," Hannibal answered. "But you understand that now you have seen my face and know my name I cannot let you go."

Will stared at the man, Hannibal Lecter. He searched for some sign of tension but the man seemed perfectly relaxed as though he had control of the situation and did not have two captives in his car. The question of what he intended for Will was on the tip of his tongue but he was afraid of the answer. He experimentally pulled on the ropes again, they were inescapable but not tight enough to cause more than some discomfort, he may not even receive rope burns. "I asked you to stop that Will. Trying to run was foolish and I would rather you not hurt yourself further," he said gently.

"My wrist is hurting," he complained, voice meek.

"We are far outside of the city," Hannibal told him. "The door and window are child locked and attacking me would put us both in danger and you would not be able to escape," he continued. "If I untie you, will you remain calm and do as I say?"

"I'm not calm," Will bit out, his natural stubbornness surging to the surface.

"Can I trust you not to attack me?" He asked instead.

"Yes," Will replied, quietly. Hannibal pulled the car over to the side of the road. Wherever they were it was not a good place to run, he could see no other cars or houses. No-one to help him. Nowhere to run.

Hannibal turned on the overhead light and with surprising tenderness untied his hands. Taking Will's swollen wrist he brought it into the light, gently prodding at it and taking notes

of Will's reaction. "It's not bad," he informed Will softly.

"Are you a doctor?" Will asked sarcasticastically.

"Yes," he answered, placing Will's hand back in his lap. "I don't appreciate sarcasm, WIll. I find it rude," he said firmly, before pulling back onto the road, cats eyes leading the way with their faint glow. Will considered attacking him, grabbing the wheel and turning the car off road. But he had no idea where he was and he could feel that his phone was no longer in his pocket. He remained silent and still, cradling his injured wrist, trying to figure out a plan. The silence in the car was suffocating and morbid curiosity began to grow in Will's mind as he tried to resist the urge to watch Hannibal as he drove.

"Why do you plan to kill him but not me?" He asked, eventually.

"Do you want to die?" The doctor asked casually.

"No."

"You did not try to save yourself from the situation before I intervened. Did you perhaps not believe that the younger Mr Carmen would actually make good on his threats? If so you were mistaken," he continued.

"I know he meant it," Will said. "I don't know why I didn't fight him," he answered honestly.

"You fought me valiantly," Hannibal observed with a small twitch of his lips.

"Not well enough," Will said to himself.

"Do not feel bad. I am careful to never let my prey escape," the man answered, voice almost kind.

“You didn’t answer my question,” Will said. “You said you were going to kill him but hope not to kill me. What’s the difference to you?” He challenged. Hannibal brow furrowed.

“There is a world of difference to me,” he answered. “Oliver Carmen is not only dreadfully rude but is also guilty of a great many cruelties I consider unforgivable.”

“So you’re some kind of vigilante?” Will asked, not believing it for a second.

“Hardly, I am guilty of enough crimes that would have me looked up in a psychiatric facility to rot. To call myself a vigilante would be quite hypocritical,” he answered, slightly amused.

“Vigilantes are hypocrites,” Will answered. “They’re murderers.”

“Batman never kills his targets,” Hannibal said playfully.

“I’m not discussing comic books with you,” Will said darkly.

“For the best, it is not an area I have much knowledge in,” Hannibal answered pleasantly, as though this conversation was completely normal.

“You want to kill him because of his crimes,” Will clarified.

“There is no point to his pathetic life. I will make him useful before elevating him to art,” Hannibal said, wetting his lips with anticipation. “It could be seen as a kindness, if you are so inclined.”

“Not one you plan to extend to me?” Will asked icily.

“I am concerned with this desire you have to court death, Will.” Hannibal said. “Have you discussed it with a therapist?”

“Therapy doesn’t work on me,” he answered. “I know all the tricks.”

“You would benefit from a less othadox approach,” Hannibal said.

“Is that what kind of doctor you are?” Will asked, his curiosity driving him to find out more while his more rational mind told him he was gathering evidence.

“I was a surgeon for many years before moving into psychiatry. I transferred my interest in anatomy into the culinary arts,” Will swallowed a wave of nausea at the implications.

“Why not me?” He pressed again. “Why aren’t I to be ‘elevated into art’”

“Dear boy, how could I possibly make you more beautiful than you are?” He asked eyes leaving the road to trail over Will. He cringed away, uncomfortable at the way Hannibal was looking at him, as though he was a feast. “Are you afraid of me?”

“Yes,” Will answered honestly.

“Smart boy.”

The car turned a corner and a dark house appeared against the night sky, trees surrounded the edges, no neighbours in sight. Parking the car, Hannibal popped open the trunk before sliding out of the car. Will heard a click and realised he was locked in. “Let me deal with our guest and then I will treat your hand.”

Will began to panic, tugging on the door handles, all locked and the windows did not roll down. Glove compartment empty. He still had no plan, distracted by the way Hannibal had looked at him. Will was terrified of the man and what his plans for him might be but at the

same time there was a spark of arousal curling around the base of his spine. He didn't think about that now, the way the body reacted to fear was very similar to arousal. Dilated eyes, adrenaline pumping, heart racing and his breathing growing heavy. The arousal was a sign of his body's confusion, not a reaction to his captor's handsome face. As dangerous as Hannibal Lecter was, he was also undeniably beautiful. The garage flooded with light when Hannibal returned. He stood looking at Will for a long moment, a sphinx-like smile on his face and keys in his hand, making no move to unlock the door. "Can you hear me clearly in there?" He asked. Will nodded, no point in lying. "Good. You saw the house when we drove up and can see there are no neighbours nearby for you to run to for help. I have your phone, it is locked up in several pieces, as is mine. I have no landline so any attack or attempt to run would be much more foolish than your earlier attempt which I forgive you for," his smile becoming more fond at the end.

"You forgive me!" Will shouted, suddenly furious.

"I understand you are upset but I was left with very little choice, considering the situation. I couldn't very well let him shoot you now could I?" He said, perfectly calm.

"Yes you could," Will snapped. Hannibal smiled indulgently and placed a hand on the window separating them.

"No, darling boy, I couldn't. The moment I saw you I knew you were mine and I could not allow that worthless pig to take you from me," he said softly. "If you must die, it will be at my hand."

"If you try to touch me I will kill you," Will promised, gritting his teeth when Hannibal let out a soft huff of laughter. "I will rip your throat out with my teeth if I have to."

"You are breathtaking like this," he breathed. "I promise I will not touch you inappropriately without your express consent."

"Consent is sexy." Will quoted, darkly.

“A stupid saying,” Hannibal countered. “Consent is necessary, enthusiasm is sexy,” he purred with a flirtatious smile.

“Let me out of this car,” Will snarled.

“You have nowhere to run and if you attack me, you will lose,” Hannibal said firmly. “You understand?”

“Yes,” Will ground out. Hannibal stared at him for a long second before letting out a put upon sigh and releasing the locks on the car. He got out of the car and kept an arms length between him and Hannibal who did not try to close the gap.

When they entered the main house he saw the front door and acting on instinct he ran for it. He got two steps before he was tackled to the floor, he spat in Hannibal’s face and stars exploding behind his eyes when Hannibal backhanded him across the face. It shocked him but was more shocked by his own reaction, instead of fighting back he curled away in fear and pain. He was pulled up into a seating position and Hannibal crushed him against his chest. “It’s okay,” he soothed gently, carding a hand through Will’s dark curls as he trembled, hating his own weakness. “I am sorry, I know you are scared. I shouldn’t have hit you,” he lifted Will to his feet and tilted his head to examine his heated cheek. “Even bruised, you are exquisite,” he kept a firm grip on Will’s shoulder as he led him through to the kitchen. “Are you done with your escape attempts yet?” He asked, voice tired. “At least for tonight,” Will didn’t and stared at the pristine white counter he’d been sat at. “Here,” he handed Will an ice pack which he placed against his sore cheek. The cold spread out shooting the headache forming behind his eyes, he was sobering up and his hangover followed.

“I don’t think I can take another,” he said quietly. Hannibal gave a satisfied nod, placing a glass of water and a packet of painkillers on the table in front of him. “Thank you,” he replied automatically. “I’m suddenly very tired,” he added.

“You need to hydrate,” Hannibal told him. Will took a couple of pills and gulped down the water thirstily. “Arm,” he instructed, sitting on the stool next to Will’s with an open medical kit. Will obliged, wincing softly when Hannibal applied a light cream to his tender wrist. “A support bandage is often uncomfortable to apply, the cream will numb you slightly until the painkillers kick in,”

“Are these actual pain killers?” Will asked in a flat voice.

“I gave you the pack so you would take them without a fight,” he said, with slight annoyance. “I am trying Will,” he said softly. Will bit his lip and turned his face away from him.

“You can’t keep me trapped here forever,” he said. Hannibal raised an eyebrow as he applied the bandage.

“I am still considering whether I wish to keep you or not. There, all better,” he refilled the glass. “Drink,” he watched as Will drained the glass. Will started when an angered howl came from somewhere deep in the house, losing his grip on the glass. Hannibal caught it with lightning fast reflexes. “Impressed?” He asked playfully when he saw Will’s eyes widen. “The silent treatment does not suit you, dear, you have the most charming southern lilt,” Will bit his lip, furious at the man’s affectionate smile. Another yell came from the captive criminal. “I would love to make you dinner but it would seem Oliver is demanding our attention more urgently.” Come with me.”

“No!” Will said suddenly. Hannibal tilted his head as though surprised by his strong reaction. “I’m not going to help you kill someone.”

“I want you to see me,” he said simply. “I believe you want to as well.” he added, voice dark and smooth as silk. “Or will you sit here and listen to him beg for his life, imagining the scene and doing nothing to stop it?”

Will stood with a glare, silently following Hannibal into the pantry and through a hidden door that led to his stark while sterile basement. Strapped to a metal table was the naked thrashing form of Oliver Carmen, eyes wide, screaming in terror. “Who the fuck are you?” He bellowed when he saw Hannibal. Hannibal’s lips curled back in a snarl at the foul language. He selected a long gleaming knife from the wall, admiring it before setting it down.

He reached into a drawer and pulled out an ornate pistol, holding it out for Will. “Take it, you need not use it but hold it,” Will accepted the weapon, hands stroking over its patterned barrel. It was lighter than his police gun, delicate but deadly. He looked up to see Hannibal duct taping the man's mouth before picking up his knife. “This is a disgusting pig of a man. He claims to deal in prostution but it is slavery, selling the bodies of kidnapped and sold girls, some as young as eleven. He is a peodophile and a murderer and does not deserve to live,” he

said softly with no venom. “I will harvest his breast meat as his organs are too damaged from alcohol and drug consumption to be worth eating. Then his corpse Will be displayed, his arms and legs and genitals removed, completely helpless as were those he exploited. He will suffer because I want him too and he has no chance of stopping me.”

“And I do,” Will finished for him.

“Yes,” Hannibal breathed, eyes shining with excitement. “You can stop me, claim his life yourself or end his suffering.”

“Why are you doing this?” Will croaked.

“To him or to you?”

“Me.”

“Curiosity,” Hannibal answered with an enigmatic smile.

“I’ve been working homicide for four years and I’ve never pulled the trigger,” he admitted.

“You are truly fascinating,” Hannibal observed. “Let us begin.”

He ripped the tape from the pig's mouth ignoring his pleas and cries for help. Will kept his eyes on Hannibal, fingers tight on the gun in his hand. It was so small, easily held and controlled by one hand. In a second he could stop the killer holding him captive. He stood mute, watching as a saint observed prayer as Hannibal sliced two portions of meat from the naked man’s barrel chest, blood steadily sliding down Oliver’s side to pool on the table and drip onto the slanted floor, trickling towards a drain. Hannibal wielded the knife with practised ease and a surgeon's focus as though Will was not present. He sank into the moment, completely focused on his work. Even when he turned his back to place the meat in an ice box, ready to be prepared later, Will still did not fire and did not run.

Tear-filled eyes turned to Will and Oliver began to beg brokenly. Pleads for mercy mixed with promises of money and threats in a rushing stream of desperation. Will looked down at the naked bleeding body feeling no pity, no anger and no hatred. He felt detached from the situation, Oliver would die tonight and how it happened seemed so very unimportant. He cocked the gun and pressed it between Oliver's wide eyes, protests and screams dulled by the rushing blood in his ears. Tears streamed down the pigs face as he pressed the barrel in closer, digging it into the flesh and bone before lazily removing it. He looked over the pale body to see Hannibal watching his, face expressionless, Will stepped back without a word.

Hannibal dragged forward a small bin and in a quick callus movement castrated Oliver with a slight curl of his lips. Oliver swore loudly, straining valiantly, now as sexless as a ken doll and gushing blood. Disgust on his face, Hannibal tossed the member into the trash. With quiet focus Hannibal tightened the binds midway up Oliver's forearms, the rope digging into the flesh, tight enough to restrict circulation. Before numbness set in he picked up a saw, removing his hands at the wrist, first the right and then the left, blood sluggishly pulsing forth. The hands went into the bin. When Oliver fell silent, gasping for air in horror Hannibal spoke quietly, leaning over him. "Now you have no weapons. Do you feel helpless?" Oliver nodded pathetically. "A horrible feeling, is it not?" Will's eyes darted from the trembling bleeding mess and to Hannibal's face. It gave nothing away but there was something intriguing in his tone. Will wanted to know when the powerful and deadly man had ever felt helpless. "Wouldn't you agree, Will?" He asked politely, the tone suddenly much more pleasant.

"I don't feel helpless," Will said, almost floating. Hannibal's eyes flicked to his right hand, knuckles white from gripping the gun and smiled.

"Good," he purred. Turning back to Oliver who was weepily openly his eyes grew hard. "Did you enjoy making others feel helpless?" He asked, Oliver nodded weakly, apologising brokenly. "Then you enjoyed hurting them," Hannibal said, trading the saw for a sharper knife and slicing a line down Oliver's stomach, peeling away flesh and fat to expose his organs.

"How is he still awake?" Will asked, staring at the working innards in interest. "Shouldn't he have passed out from shock or pain?" He privately acknowledged that he felt no compassion for the criminal's situation, only interest in the process.

“A cocktail of drugs that will keep him here and present,” Hannibal answered. “I will teach you to mix it yourself,” he offered sweetly. “It would be a shame for him to miss such an ending.”

Hannibal moved over to a lit furnace and donned thick gloves before removing a slim poker, setting it close by he began to remove the organs one by one, cauterising each cut with the rod as Oliver screamed through wrecked vocal cords. In no time he was left open and gutless while Hannibal examined the fleshy ingredients. “Pitiful selection,” he mused in disappointment. “The liver is disgusting, positively pickled in cheap booze,” he criticised. “Nothing here is edible,” he concluded, speaking to Will. “I am very particular about what I put into my body, only the highest quality ingredients and nothing vegetarian,” he explained. “You eat meat, yes?”

“I’m a carnivore,” he answered blankly. He wondered if he was in shock but it didn’t feel how he imagined, he felt completely at peace, along with a sense that he was right on the edge of something very important. The most significant moment of his life was about to happen and he was grateful that Hanninbal was there to guide him and witness it. His skin buzzed with anticipation.

“At least nothing is useless, everything can be used in his display. His final humiliation is for everyone to see him gutless and helpless.”

“I thought you wanted to elevate him to art?” Will asked.

“Art can be a humiliation as well as a gift,” Hannibal explained. “It is very subjective, some modern art is quite grotesque.”

“Help me, please,” Oliver begged weakly, eyes dulling as he tried to focus on Will. He considered the violent cruel man below him, reduced to a quivering weak mess and felt righteousness tear through him. He pulled the trigger, firing into the bloodied cavern emptied of organs and smoking from the burns. The sound of the bullet echoing around the chamber. Will had considered the possibility that Hannibal had handed him an unloaded gun but the bullet buried in Oliver proved he was not powerless at all. On instinct he fired another into the man’s knee, his screams doubling in his agony. Will dropped the gun and reached for the wall to steady himself as the world began to spin and tilt.

He knew the places he had hit would not kill him, at least not quickly, but they hurt and through the overwhelming haze settling over him Will felt pleasure at causing that pain. Abruptly the screaming stopped and Will saw Hannibal approach him, fresh blood coating his shirt from slitting the dead man's throat so deeply he'd almost left him decapitated.

"Breathe Will. Focus. Stay with me," he instructed firmly, taking Will's face in his hands. "This is important. What do you feel?"

"It feels good, doing bad things to bad people, I wanted to hurt him, I enjoyed it," He gasped. Hannibal nodded, watching him with rapt attention. "I want to see him as art, I want to eat his flesh," his voice was low, strangled by shock at his desires. "I'm not a killer," he finished, focusing on Hannibal's terrifying, gorgeous eyes.

"No?"

"No. I could have killed him, could've killed you, I still could. But I won't. I know who I am now and I am not a killer," Will said, voice strong with conviction.

"Did you know that before this moment?" Hannibal asked, something akin to wonder in his voice.

"No."

"Then I consider myself honoured to see you discover yourself, mano mylimasis" he purred, voice dark. Will's eyes landed on his parted lips, the face of a god painted with the blood of a mere mortal. "I will keep you," he swore.

"Kiss me," he demanded, roughly pulling the killer into his body.

Hurtling forward more than a decade Will woke in his familiar bed, sweating, heart thumping and his cock achingly hard. He felt his lover shift next to him, tugging him back with a firm arm. "Lay down mylimas," he coaxed sweetly, voice rough with sleep. "Just a nightmare," he

wrapped his arms around Will, enveloping him in warmth, Will rocked his hips against Hannibal’s thigh, erection obvious.

“Not a nightmare,” he answered, dragging his lips along Hannibal’s windpipe. “Dreaming about the night we met.”

“A good memory,” Hannibal said, capturing Will's lips in a searing kiss.

“Fuck me.” Will growled, nipping at Hannibal's pulse. He was roughly shoved onto his back as Hannibal attacked his mouth leaving him breathless and gasping, already leaking onto the silk sheets under his naked body.

“Insatiable boy,” Hannibal growled fondly, a long finger pressed against Will’s already abused entrance.

Will moaned wantonly, pressing against his fingers. “Need you inside me now.”

“Want or need?” Hannibal enquired, playfully.

“Need!” Will insisted. Smiling, Hannibal pressed an innocent kiss to the tip of his nose, free hand reaching for the lube.

“Good,” he praised with pride and admiration. Spreading Will’s legs and settling them over his shoulders he prepared Will quickly, one finger sliding in effortlessly before he added a second and swallowing Will’s gasp at the burn of the third. Bending Will almost in two he slid his dick into the hot heat of his darling’s puckered hole, Will’s muscles welcoming the familiar shape inside him. Hannibal moaned at the hot, tight heat enveloping his member, his sweet boy’s body built for him to invade and claim. His pace was brutal, hard and unrelenting, a sharp contrast to the light butterfly kisses he peppered over Will’s face with love as he begged for more. Will vision blurred as he was breathlessly, ruthlessly pounded, wanton moans spilling from his mouth as warmth pooled at the base of his spin, muscles tightening as he felt his orgasm building rapidly, no soft tease just feral want. The only thing he could see clearly was Hannibal's intense gaze, pinning him to the bed, flaying him alive, holding him captive in their crimson depths. With an animalistic roar Hannibal came deep in his ass before gently sliding out to take Will’s throbbing length into his mouth. The instant he felt Hannibal’s rough hand wrap around the base of his cock WIll came with a wounded cry,

white exploding across his vision, his body weightless and floating. He came back to earth wrapped in Hannibal's arms, ear pressed to his racing heart. "Always so perfect for me," Hannibal said softly. "I love you."

"I love you," Will answered, voice hoarse and body spent. "Thank you for keeping me.

"Thank you for marrying me."

Heavy golden rings touching, the two drifted back into sleep as the sun began to rise in the Baltimore sky.

The Love Of A Monster

Chapter Summary

Twelve years after they met Hannibal and Will are settled in Baltimore when Jack Crawford asks to borrow Will's imagination. The events that follow threaten to destroy Will's sense of who he is.

Chapter Notes

Chapter two of a fic that is consuming my mind. I warn you know this chapters gets pretty dark with brief mentions of rape (not of a canon character) and some pretty dubious consent.

Trigger warning. There is one scene of spousal abuse in this chapter.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The move to Baltimore had been a good idea. Will hated his job more and more after realising that he would never want, or be able, to pull the trigger so quitting after receiving a nasty stab wound that had taken weeks to heal had been an easy choice. Hannibal had bought an elegant townhouse in one of the nicest areas, where his precious love would be safe, and contacted some old contacts who heard of an opening in the FBI training academy resulting in Will getting a teaching job. Two week after arriving he presented Will with a rescue dog, knowing Will’s distaste for buying from a breeder while others spent their days in an underfunded shelter. Will named him Winston and was almost as devoted to the mutt as he was to Hannibal.

Before leaving, Hannibal took the home invader who hurt his beloved right out from police custody, a risky move but time was of the essence. He killed the young man slowly, bled him out and used the copper liquid to make sanguinaccio dolce for their last meal. A thousand shallow cuts before he was left on the steps of the police station, throat open and seconds from death, like Batman. Will did know about comic books. Will was with him the whole time, watching with rapt attention, slicing the achilles tendon, between his toes and his tongue. Gun held loosely in his right hand. Hannibal killed him, he always did but Will hurt him and loved every second of it.

Will knew no-one in Baltimore and was happy that way, needing no-one but Hannibal and Winston. His social anxiety meant he hated meeting people without Hannibal and then people looked at him, dismissing Will as a pretty trophy or gold-digger. So when they got to Baltimore his circle remained tiny, Hannibal, his old friend Ellen Komeda, her husband Errol, Hannibal's world class tailor, Neil Stinson and his young apprentice. Regulars at the dog walking park knew them to be a couple, Winston's parents, but any conversations were brief. Will didn't count them, more interested in speaking to their dogs rather than to them.

Ellen was like Hannibal, their loud personalities complimented each other and Will enjoyed seeing someone else who could get away with light teasing, never crossing the line into rudeness. Errol was a quiet, kind man and he and Will had developed their own friendship. Neil was no nonsense and did not make friends with his clients but his work was extraordinary. The first time Will had met him he could barely stand still, intimidated by his barked orders and cold shark eyes but his protegee Amy had taken pity on him and talked to him softly the whole time, never annoyed when he avoided her bright inquisitive eyes, laughing when he talked about Winston. Over time he had become used to the man's mannerism and stopped convincing himself that Neil hated him. Amy was occasionally invited to dinner as well, Winston loved her instantly.

These privileged few were the only ones who knew Hannibal was a married man. Will never felt the need to tell people he was wed and had kept his Father's name, being an only child it felt necessary. Hannibal thought it best not to wear his ring in front of patients as it distracted them and gave them the opportunity to deflect and Will didn't like to invite attention. A gold ring encrusted with diamonds and rubies led to questions, especially one as opulent as his. They wore their rings when they were together and the rest of the time they hung on chains, the metal resting over their hearts. Hannibal's skin showed tan lines less than Will's and Will's obvious dislike of questions meant if people did notice they didn't ask. So Jack had no idea that Will had a husband waiting for him when he asked to 'borrow' his imagination.

Will was intrigued at the chance to probe at a stranger's twisted mind. He loved to watch Hannibal work, causing pain under his guidance, acting as bait. He liked to assist him in building his artwork and help him choose his victims. Being the first to see the completed tableau. It turned him on to see his vicious monster unleashed, especially when he slit their throat, coating himself in blood and recreating their first night. They would make love like God's sharing the taste of mortal blood.

Lecturing on the Chesapeake Ripper was Will's favourite thing to do. Explaining every kill and it's meaning in excruciating detail and trying not to laugh when he explained why the FBI had consistently failed to capture him. He always chose to speak on the Ripper at the end of a day so he could race home, rock hard before he even stopped the car. Hannibal knew the look in his eyes when he came home like that, sweating and panting and wanting. He adored

the way his innocent boy relished his violence and loved him for it. Both were curious as to how Will would react to another killer and now the opportunity had presented itself.

He hated it. The body was not destroyed the way Hannibal's were, the girl was tucked neatly in her bed with care and love. It was not a tableau but an apology, he hated it and had to force himself to look. He broke the speeding limit, getting home, sliding on his ring as he exited the car.

Warm smells of home greeted him on arrival, rosemary, garlic, chicken and Hannibal's spiced aftershave. He kicked off his shoes and found his beautiful husband, pouring white wine over a chicken caress before sliding it back in the oven. "One more hour before the bird is ready to be carved," he said before turning around, his relaxed face changed instantly. "Darling, what is it?" He asked, instantly pulling Will into a tight embrace, forcing the air from him and holding him together. "You told me you were helping Jack Crawford to gather evidence."

"There was a crime scene," Will muttered against his hard chest.

"He took you to a crime scene?" Hannibal asked, voice stern.

"No. We got there and I realised that she'd been taken from her home. She fed the cat," he explained. "I went up to her bedroom and she was there."

"Her body."

"She had liver cancer, the meat wasn't suitable. He is eating them and he couldn't eat her so he took her back to where he found her, undid what he could and left her in her bed," Will recited.

"For her family to find?" Hannibal asked.

"No. It wasn't cruel, he isn't like that," Will insisted.

“He has killed eight girls so far, I’d say that is exactly what he is like,” Hannibal suggested, large hands roaming over Will’s back. Will drew back sharply.

“You’re wrong,” he snapped. “He put her back there because he loved her and he felt bad that he couldn’t honour her properly,” he dragged both hands through his hair in frustration

“Oh love,” he pulled Will back into his arms. “I hate to see you affected so. What is it? You have never had trouble with seeing bodies before,” he cooed.

“I couldn’t feel you,” Will said softly.

“Why would you?” Hannibal asked.

“It’s the ugliest thing in the world when it’s not you,” Will complained. Hannibal tilted his head upwards, drawing him into a soothing kiss. “Make love to me, please. I want to feel you,” Will screwed his eyes shut, inhaling Hannibal’s scent, letting it wash over and sooth him.

“Anything you want, darling boy,” he drew back, turning down the oven, the meal may still end up ruined. He hated to waste the meat but it was only a bird. “You know I will always take care of you.”

Will smiled, tension flowing from his body. He raised himself on the counter, spreading his legs. Hannibal moved between them, kissing along the length of Will’s windpipe and nipping at his jaw. Will leaned back, wrapping his legs around Hannibal’s middle, drawing him closer. His descent was paused by strong arms drawing him upright, against Hannibal’s chest. One arm on his back and the other palming his pert ass Hannibal lifted Will easily and headed towards the stairs. “I’ve told you before darling, I am happy to fuck you in every room in this house.”

“And you have,” Will reminded him, wrapping his arms around Hannibal as they stumbled up the stairs. “We make love in the bedroom,” he said burying his head in the crook of

Hannibal's neck. "Our space."

"Our space," Hannibal agreed, pleased. He opened the bedroom door smoothly without dropping Will and kicked it shut behind him, locking out the rest of the world. He layed Will down on the bed with reverence and care.

"I want to feel you always," Will said, reaching out to stroke along Hannibal's sharp cheekbones. Hannibal spread his hand over Will's heart, feeling it race under him. "Yours," Will told him, eyes full of love.

"I know, my perfect husband, love of my life, mano mylimasis," he pressed a kiss to Will's forehead, his cheeks, his lips. "I will always hold your heart," he promised. Drawing back he slowly began to unbutton Will's shirt, parting the fabric and kissing the flesh as more was exposed to his eyes. Will lays back sighing peacefully, basking in the glow of Hannibal's attention, perfectly content. "Stay with my love."

"Yes," Will sighed, eyes fixed on Hannibal's eyes as his hands trailed over his skin, electricity exploding from every point as he unbuttoned Will's shirt, exposing pale skin. No-one but Hannibal could silence his thoughts, trap him in his body, entirely present in the moment. His shirt was opened, spread out under him, he struggled to a halfway sitting position, yanking it out from under him and dropping it onto the floor. Hannibal bent low over him, unbuckling his belt and sliding it through the loops. He held it loosely in one hand while pushing Will's hands up above his head, arms stretching above him. He regarded Will with dark eyes and raised one thin eyebrow, Will pressed his wrist together. "Please," he mewled sweet as a kitten. Hannibal smiled and tightened the belt around Will's wrists. Will moaned at the feel of the buttery soft leather and his eyes fluttered closed. One large hand closed around his throat, just tight enough to threaten, tight enough for Will to taste his darkness.

"Eyes on me," Hannibal instructed firmly, Will nodded, eyes fixed on Hannibal. He remained intensely focused as Hannibal unzipped Will's pants and dragged the fabric down over his legs, removing his socks along with them. Soothing hands travelled over Will's legs, palming at his thighs, over his covered hips. Will lifted his hips off the bed, allowing Hannibal to tug off his boxer shorts until finally he was spread out naked while Hannibal stood at the foot of the bed still fully clothed. "We really must revisit the idea of you never wearing underwear, dear," he said, a soft growl in his voice. "Along with the idea of you never leaving this bed."

“Sounds good to me,” Will said with a soft laugh. Hannibal smiled in return and slowly, carefully began to undress himself. He allowed Will to dump his clothes, knowing he would pick them up once he recovered but his own clothes he folded carefully. Will watched him the whole time, smiling at his careful calm movements. He needed him like this now. His strong steady anchor calmed him with just his presence and he trusted him to force the voices and images from his mind. “You are so beautiful,” he said softly when Hannibal was fully naked.

“You have no idea how you look to me, my dear Will,” Hannibal answered, voice heavy with intent. He slid onto the bed next to Will, Will turned his head for a soft lazy kiss but kept his body spread out and open. When Hannibal pulled away, Will turned to face the bowed canopy of the bed, focusing on the feeling. Soft lips kissed the palm of each hand, small kisses pressed around the thick belt with no hint of teeth. His lips dragged along Will’s arms, muscles pronounced as he extended his arms. Hannibal worshipped every inch as Will floated on his affection. “My pretty little mongoose.” Will fought to keep his eyes open as Hannibal explored his neck, sucking gentle marks that would fade by sunrise. Hannibal halted his downwards movements when he reached Will’s hardened nipples, blowing cool air over the sensitive mounds and dragging his tongue along the area surrounding. Close enough to feel good, Hannibal always felt good, but not where Will wanted it. He squirmed and wriggled, trying to encourage Hannibal to satisfy him. “Lay still sweet boy, let me take care of you.”

Will obeyed, letting himself go limp, nothing but Hannibal in his head. After several long moments of teasing Hannibal took one nipple in his wet mouth, sucking firmly and flicking his tongue over the nub causing Will to gasp, sucking in choked breaths as heat raced through his body, his blood boiling. He was seconds from coming just from the feeling of Hannibal’s body pressed against his and his hot mouth when Hannibal pulled away, once again cooling the inflamed area with his breath. Once Will’s breathing was no longer desperate but still heavy he resumed his journey down. Kisses landed on his concave stomach as Hannibal followed the well travelled path to his dripping penis.

Will groaned as Hannibal ghosted over the area with just a brush of his lips against the twitching shaft before moving down his legs, kissing over tight thigh muscles that strained at the effort it took to remain still. Will shifted his head so he could watch Hannibal’s movements, his body coiling around him like a snake. His lips moving around the shape of his kneecap and lifting his ankles as he skimmed over the fine hairs on his shins as he journeyed towards his feet. Will’s ankles tingled as Hannibal left gentle kisses on the fine bones there before massaging the soles of his feet with his lips. His tongue darted between his toes, sucking the largest one into his mouth, first one foot then the other, lavishing attention on every part of him. Will felt beautiful. The undying devotion making him divine.

Hannibal's attention moved upwards, trailing up the inside of his legs. When he reached the pale flesh of Will's inner thighs he smirked against the sweat damp skin, pleased with how Will trembled in anticipation but he didn't beg or squirm, just waited. His trust was intoxicating. Hannibal was a monster, he accepted that long ago, could always feel it surge and rage against his person suit, a suit that fell to pieces when he was alone with his husband and soulmate. He could kill Will in an instant, though it would shatter his heart to do so, he could do it, still Will lay under him with perfect trust, allowing Hannibal to do whatever he wished. Finally he reached Will's throbbing member, he ran the tip of his tongue from base to tip, lapping at the salty beads of precum. He lifted Will's legs, spreading them and draping them over his arms. His hands finally landed on Will's heated skin, palms on his hips and his fingers spreading his plump ass cheeks, exposing his intimate hole to Hannial's gaze. Hannibal's mouth connected with the tight opening, lapping at the puckered skin around, drool easing his way. He speared Will's cavity with his tongue, tasting the wet heat that welcomed his dick so perfectly every time, plunging in and out feeling the muscles flutter around his expert tongue as Will's body begged to be filled.

Moving quickly Hannibal covered Will's body once again, kissing his open mouth deeply as he reached for the lube in the night stand. Kneeling, he looked over Will's tense form, coating his fingers with the slippery fluid. His index finger slid in with no resistance and Will whimpered in response. Hannibal added his middle finger once he had located Will's prostate, stimulating the bundle of nerves mercilessly, when Will gasped out his name Hannibal's free hand gripped the base of his dick in an iron vice, halting his orgasm. He continued to push Will to the edge of pleasure, not willing to let him tip over the edge until he was buried deep inside Will, wanting to feel him as he plummeted into the blinding depths. Will howled weakly at the denial but stayed still and pliant. Hannibal smiled down at him benevolently. "Good boy," he praised. "Are you ready?"

"Yes," Will answered, gazing up at Hannibal. "Let me feel you."

Hannibal lazily coated his impressive length, preening at how Will licked his dry lips at the sight. He bent low over Will, arms braced either side of his lovely face and slowly slid into him in one smooth thrust. Will sighed in relief, feeling full and complete. "I have you my darling husband, mano mylimasis," he whispered. He gathered Will in his strong arms, holding him against him as he softly rocked into Will's heat with shallow slow thrusts. His sweat soaked forehead met Will's as their heavy breathing mixed in the air between them. Time stopped, this bed, this room the end of the Earth, they were the only thing real in the world. This is what Hannibal gave to Will, a perfect world with no horror or pain. The gift of peace for his beloved, in response to Will's gift of acceptance. Will's breaths grew shorter, his legs stretching out and tensing as his bound arms shook and he began to let out high pitched moans and keens, so close, balanced on the precipice of heaven. "I'm here my love, you can let go. Fall."

Will came instantly, his body shaking violently as his legs locked around Hannibal's figure. His vision faded to white, his own cries of pleasure sounded very far away as the only thought he could cling to was: *Hannibal, Hannibal, Hannibal, Hannibal.*

Hannibal watched him fall apart with painfully acute adoration, clutching the weak figure as he emptied himself into Will, coating his insides. He covered Will's mouth with his as he slid free, absorbing the disappointed hiss. His legs tangled with Will's as he rolled onto his side, bringing Will's barely conscious form with him, his face buried in Hannibal's face, arms still bound. Hannibal reached up with one hand and swifty unbuckled the belt, bringing Will's arms down, his fingers weakly curling in Hannibal's coarse chest hair. Hannibal ran his hands up Will's back, massaging his strained shoulders as he waited for Will to come back to him.

Will returned to Hannibal's tight embrace as Hannibal pressed kisses along his brow. His body felt boneless and weak, his eyelashes damp. He turned his face up to Hannibal's, reaching for his lips, kissing him with love and gratitude. "What do you feel, lovely?" Hannibal asked, hand curled in Will's dark curls, cradling his skull.

"I feel you," Will responded quietly. "I don't ever want to move," he said.

"You don't have to," Hannibal told him. "I will feed you and bathe you in this bed, protect you for the rest of time. The outside world will never touch you ever again. No Jack Crawford, no dead girls and no killers. Only you and I will exist," he promised. "If that is what you want."

"I want to understand him," Will answered.

"Then I will help you," Hannibal answered.

"Thank you."

"Do you remember when you first became mine?" Hannibal asked.

“I can’t remember anything before you,” Will responded.

“You thought every kill with a dramatic flair was mine,” he reminded Will. “You used to sulk and pout in a terrible mood every time the police stumbled upon a scene that surprised you. The silent treatment you punished me with was incredibly frustrating,” he chuckled softly.

“I thought you’d killed without me and it hurt my feelings,” Will defended.

“Why would I ever do such a thing?” Hannibal asked, repeating a well rehearsed conversation.

“Because you had gotten bored of me. Saw me and found me wanting, unworthy of being with you,” Will muttered quietly.

“I do see you, my silly little mongoose,” Hannibal said with affection. “You are more than worthy, dear boy. The only one I want to be with. Everything I need.”

Will smiled, believing every word as he sank into Hannibal’s strength, He had seen the man mutilate and murder people simply becasue they were rude, Will was rude and Hannibal smiled as though it was the most adorable thing. But when Will was in need he was gentle and sweet, channelling all that brutal strength into quieting his mind and drowning him in pleasure. The first time they had slept together, Will's whole body was tightly wound, to the point of snapping, expecting to come away with bruises and bitemarks. But Hannibal had brought him the most exquisite pleasure over and over again despite the blood on his hands. He never once hurt him, treating him like delicate porcelain. Hannibal was devoted to serving Will however he needed it, fucking him so roughly he could barely move afterwards when he wanted it and tonight so caring. For years he had honed the craft of killing, learning what the human body was capable of enduring. He knew how to hurt and how to kill. Now he turned that same attention to Will, he knew every sweet and sensitive area, could calm or excite him with just the right pressure in the right spot. His every touch carried dark possession no matter how gentle or fierce it may be. Will had no illusions about whether he was free or not. Hannibal intended to keep him forever and his darling husband would unleash his monster in a second if Will ever even thought of leaving him. Will had never considered the idea, since their first kiss he had tethered himself to Hannibal, forsaking all others and promising him forever, two years before they legally joined. Even in the midst of a maddening screaming match he never once threatened to walk out.

“If I move now, I can still save dinner,” Hannibal said, Will uncurled his fingers and drew back slightly. “I will stay if you need me to,” he reminded Will, voice soft.

“I’m good, I just need to recover,” Hannibal placed a kiss on his forehead.

“When you are ready you may clean yourself and dress, then pick up your clothes, and come downstairs. I will change the bedding before we sleep,” he told him. Will smiled, there were days when Hannibal was feeling playful and he would have Will eat his dinner nude with cum drying on his skin. He curled up, watching Hannibal tug on a pair of soft pyjama pants and pull on his shirt leaving it open, the rest he deposited in the washing basket.

Hannibal hummed softly as he arranged dinner and waited for Will, wondering how he could help his darling see this man.

Hannibal had never thought about whether Will's co-workers knew he was married. He assumed not, as Will did not connect with others and did not wear his ring during class. However he was delighted to realise that Jack Crawford had no idea Hannibal even knew Will existed. Alana had suggested that he would have an interesting insight with no idea of the connection. He readily agreed to give his insight into the shirke and hid his scowl when Jack implied that an unofficial analysis of his Will would be encouraged. He suspected that the bullish man would prefer an unofficial analysis as any psychiatrist could see that Will was in no state to be exposed to such things and an official diagnosis would mean he could no longer use Will as he wanted. He did not warn Will that he would be joining them the next morning.

His boy reacted perfectly, exactly as he would with any stranger. Uncomfortable and awkward though he could not resist focused on Hannibal’s excited eyes as he explained why he avoided eye contact. “You wouldn’t like me when I’m psychoanalysed,” Hannibal throat flexed as he bit back the shout that bubbled up when he recognised one of Will’s pop culture references. *The Incredible Hulk!* Will called out his answer when he got one of Hannibal’s classic references. One of their games.

He examined the crime scenes in detail, questioned Jack and when he knew everything he assured Jack that he knew how to help good Will see his face.

He waited until Will was asleep, tired from dealing with too much social interaction and then he slipped out. It was still early for the type of prey he hunted tonight. He preferred to stalk a single pig for a couple of weeks but tonight he had a profile rather than a victim. She would be young, slim, plain but pretty and most likely missed. He spotted her quickly, inebriated and her pretty face coated in tears, yelling at a smirking cocky boy. She screamed drunkenly and he laughed at her tears, she took off, walking away alone, wrapping her arms around her half-naked body, wobbling on heels her carefully applied make-up running down her face. He drove around the corner ahead of her and got out, rounding the corner and meeting her face to face. "Are you alright?" He asked kindly.

"Yes, yes I'm fine," she sniffed pitifully, shivering in the cold.

"You should not be walking home alone, let me walk you to the taxi ramp," she shuffled back, clever girl.

"No thanks, mister, I'm good," she said suspiciously.

"At least use my phone and have a cab pick you up here, you seem to know as well as I how unsafe the streets are," he kept his body language non-threatening and his face soft. She was too young to be easily charmed by his older handsome face so he played the fatherly figure for her. The boy she had just been humiliated by had been cold and sneering and despite years of being taught stranger danger she yearned for the kindness he offered. Reluctantly she nodded and accepted his phone. The cab company's phone rang once then she felt a tiny prick in her neck and the world went black. A rough voice came from the phone and Hannibal lifted it from the ground. "I apologise, wrong number. Have a good night," he lifted the slender girl and placed her in his back seat, she looked passed out drunk, young enough to be his daughter. Anyone who noticed them would assume he had come to pick up his inebriated child.

The stag head he had acquired was in the trunk and he had already chosen the perfect spot. He took a longer route, avoiding traffic cams and taking back roads. He parked on the edge of the field and slid on his gloves and plastic suit. He placed the stag head first, positioning it perfectly. The girl was unlikely to wake up before he positioned her but he needed her to be alive when he stole her lungs, so Will knew it was his work. He cleaned up her face, still pretty without make-up and stripped her body, wrapping her clothes in a zip-lock bag to be disposed of later.

Will hated the thought of Hannibal killing without him and it was a rare occurrence but he knew Will would understand why he did it this time. He wanted to surprise him.

Will knew it was him the second he saw it, the lungs removed, the humiliation and everything he needed. The understanding came instantly and he tried not to grin. His dear, loving, generous husband had done as he promised and helped Will to see what he needed. Will declined to profile the copycat, though he was already planning his lecture on the Shrikes 'fan'. He suggested that Jack ask for Hannibal's help, knowing how Hannibal enjoyed toying with the experts, proving himself to be the smarter man as he always was.

Over breakfast, protein scramble, they discussed Cassie Boyle as though it was a gift from a mystery man until they cleared their plates and locked the door behind them. "Thank you," Will said, throwing his arms around Hannibal.

"You like your gift?" Hannibal surmised, nose brushing against Will's ear.

Will nodded with a beam. "It was perfect. I can see him but I feel you," he said, drawing Hannibal into a kiss.

He was walking on air until they reached the house, Mrs Hobbs was thrown bodily to the ground before Will had a chance to save her. Hannibal followed Will into the house, he did not care that the woman had died but he pitied her for her demise being so meaningless. As he rounded the corner he heard gunshots, ten shots fired and he saw a heavy set man drop to the floor as his precious husband, the cop who could never pull the trigger, dropped the gun and tried frantically to save the child on the ground, bleeding out steadily. Hannibal stepped forward and removed Will's shaking hands, he blocked the blood gushing from the girl's throat, hands perfectly still as Will watched him save a life for the first time. He held her until the paramedics arrived and Will was led outside. Hannibal walked to the ambulance holding her hand as she hovered on the edge of consciousness. He wondered if the girl had seen Will shoot her father or if her spot on the floor had blocked her view. Glancing back he saw Will struggle to answer Jack's questions and declined to accompany the innocent girl.

"Agent Crawford," his voice was velvet, dangerously soft and he saw Will look at him like he was his saviour. "Will is in a state of shock and in no condition to answer your questions," he stated.

“I need to know what happened in there,” Jack snarled. “Two people are dead and a young girl in critical condition,” Wil flinched at the harsh tone, even though it was not directed at him.

“What happened was that despite Alana’s warning and my own concerns you let Will get too close to a situation he had no business going into without a full psychological evaluation because you were aware that if you did follow procedure you would be not be able to use him,” Hannibal retorted, voice like a whip, satisfied at how Jack’s eyes darting to see who was listening. The forensic duo paused to stare agog at someone talking to Jack Crawford that way whereas Miss Katz looked at Will with sympathy. “I am taking Will back to his room to recover and he will call you when he is ready to discuss what happened,” Jack opened his mouth to argue. “If you try to contact him before he is ready I will inform the FBI’s legal department that you declined to have Will assessed despite being fully aware that he failed the screening process previously,” He held Jack’s furious gaze for a moment. “Will, come with me,” he said, voice slightly gentler. He took the driver's seat and Will silently slid into the passenger seat, forehead pressed against the window.

He didn’t say a word until they were halfway to the hotel room. “I want to take some aspirin,” he said quietly sitting up and pulling out a small bottle of pills. Hannibal lifted a hand to his forehead. “I have a headache.”

“You are not warm,” he said. “You are overwhelmed and I do not blame you. I will not forbid you from medicating yourself but that would not help you,only dull your brilliant mind” Will stared at the bottle for a few minutes before putting it back in his pocket.

“Hannibal…”

“I know, darling. We are almost there,” Will returned to staring out the window and pulled his chain out from under his shirt fumbling with the chain until he freed his wedding band and slid it onto his finger.

Hannibal parked the car and kept a hand on Will as they walked up to the room. He drew Will into a soft, gentle kiss as soon as the door was closed. “Are you ready?” Will shook his head. Hannibal nodded and slid on his own ring before sitting on the soft sofa facing the window. The hotel room was very different from the motel where Jack thought he was staying. Will came over with him and curled up next to him with his head in Hannibal’s lap. Hannibal silently combed through his curls, waiting for him to speak first. He felt tears wet

his trousers. “Mylimas,” he murmured softly and Will’s body curled up shaking as he sobbed, it carried on for hours, great heavy sobs until Hannibal’s trousers were soaked and Will was ready to speak.

“I’m not a killer,” he said, voice horse from tears.

“I know, my love,” he said softly.

“He knew we were coming. Did you tell him?” Will asked.

“Yes,” Hannibal answered honestly.

“Why?” He asked soundly so lost and broken, staring up at Hannibal.

“Curiosity,” he answered, face stoic. “I have very few regrets but I do regret the pain that decision has caused you,” he caught the fist that Will threw easily. “No, mongoose, don’t do that.”

Will wrenched his fist away with murder on his face. “You were curious,” he spat. “You fucking bastard. Fucking! Bastard!” He bellowed. He breathed heavy for a few moments, his face murderous. When he spoke again it was icey with fury. “I told you, I was not a killer. Did you always plan to change me?” He asked.

“No, my darling boy, that was never my intention,” Hannibal promised, desperate to pull Will into his arms.

“I don’t believe you. Every single time you handed me that gun, you wanted me to be like you,” he hissed, lip curling. “You said I was yours, you said you loved me,” his lip trembled.

“You are mine,” Hannibal almost growled in possessiveness. “I love you more than I ever thought I could love anything.”

“No, you only wanted what you thought I could be,” Will snapped standing up. “Are you satisfied? Ten gun holes in his chest, or will not not be happy until I premeditate and plan my killings. Am I your legacy? Once you become slow and old am I supposed to take over your work? Answer me!”

Hannibal rose to his feet but kept distance between them. “I want you as you are and would never seek to change you or mould you into a copy of myself,” he said calmly. “To love you, and be loved by you, is my one virtue. Please believe that.”

“I don’t know who I am anymore,” Will whimpered, eyes filled with tears, Hannibal placed his hands on Will’s shoulders and Will snagged against him.

“Many people go their whole lives without ever considering that question,” he said. “Not you and I. Our actions do not make us who we are, you may be evolving or you may be the same man I choose to keep all those years ago. You will discover yourself again and I will be with you for as long as that takes and for an eternity afterwards,” he reassured the distraught figure. “You have always trusted me, even in the beginning when your instincts screamed at you not to, I could feel that you did. You can trust me now my darling.”

“I trust you. I need to trust you,” Will said, head buried in Hannibal’s neck, fury and need battling within. “It’s not the action,” he said, voice muffled. “I felt…” the last word was lost in Hannibal’s shoulder.

“I can’t hear you,” Hannibal said, shifting Will’s head. “What did you feel?”

“Zest,” he answered, voice small. “A sprig of joy,” his face burned with shame, looking sickened by the admission.

“You have always had a taste for hurting the evils of this world.”

“But not in killing them, I didn’t hurt him. It was an execution,” Will said.

“I would like to try an exercise with you,” Hannibal said. “Indulge me?” Will nodded. “Good boy, sit down,” Will perched on the edge of the bed and watched Hannibal drag a large sheepskin rug over to the end of the bed and sit himself on the soft surface with his back propped up and spread his legs. “Come here, Will,” Will did as he was bid and seated himself between Hannibal’s legs, facing the roaring fire opposite as he lay back to rest against Hannibal’s chest with Hanniabal’s long fingers caressing his wrists. “Close your eyes and go back to that moment. Enter the kitchen, see Abigail’s throat open, watch her father drop her to the floor and come towards you. Don’t pull the trigger this time. Stay present, feel his knife slide into your flesh. Look at me with your final breath. Do you feel a sprig of joy?”

“No,” Will whispered, voice full of pain.

“Go back. Enter the kitchen, they had no idea you were coming. Mrs Hobbs is boiling the kettle as Abigail sets the table and his back is turned as he plates up the meat. You know the smell, those sausages did not come from a butcher. Draw your gun, shoot him now while he is unarmed and unaware. Watch him fall to the floor, shock frozen on his dead face. Do you feel a sprig of joy?

“No.”

“Go back,” Hannibal told him again. “You were too late, Abigail Hobbs is already dead when you enter the kitchen, her Father drenched in blood. Pull the trigger, merciless in your execution of a disgusting kinslayer. End him for destroying what he was meant to protect. Do you feel a sprig of joy?”

“No, Hannibal…”

“Hush, beautiful, we are not done yet. I want you to think of a monster of a man. Jeffrey Dahmer. Pedro Lopez. H.H. Holmes. Jack the ripper. The most monstrous killer.”

“You?” Will asked, seeking his comfort in any way.

“No, dearest, not me, I don’t want you getting any more upset,” he said sweetly. “Choose your victim. Think of every awful thing they have done, all they will do if allowed to live. Take their life, end their evil. Do you feel a sprig of joy?”

“No.”

“Do you remember Mandy Edwards?” Will nodded. “Nineteen years old, disappeared during winter break, on the way to visit her grandparents. Found two years later, raped and murdered. She was going to be a social worker.”

“Oliver Carmen,” Will supplied.

“Yes. Go to his crime, the dark cold basement he trapped her in. Watch as she tries to fight his grip, such a tiny delicate thing, unable to stop him. Her eyes wide with fear as he presses his erection against her, enjoying her screams, the scent of her tears. Feel the metal of the gun in your hands, raise it to his head, save her from her fate, savour it,” he purred darkly. “Fire,” Will’s body jolted as though hit by the bullet himself. “Do you feel it? That sprig of joy?”

“Yes,” Will breathed, voice weak and full of wonderment.

“You are not a killer, mana mylimasis. My dark avenging angel. You have such beautiful darkness in you, my darling. The way you look when you hurt the pigs I bring you, how ardently you kiss me with their blood mixing on our lips,” he praised, softly. “That joy you felt, was not for that man but for the innocent girl you saved.”

“I hope so,” Will said, slumped against him, uncertainty in his voice.

“Even so, you had no choice,” Hannibal assured him.

“We both know that is not true.”

“Truth is subjective, it is not a lie either,” Hannibal told him. He wrapped his arm loosely around Will. “What do you want at this moment?”

“To go back and call Jack, arrive after everything went down.”

“What do you need at this moment?” Will sat quiet for a while.

“I need to wash this day off me,” he said.

“Then that is what we shall do, would you like me to accompany you, darling?” He asked, only a hint of flirtation. Will nodded and allowed Hannibal to help him to his feet, heading toward the ensuite with the glorious power shower with Hannibal only a step behind. He stopped a few steps shy of the door.

“This happened because of your decision, Hannibal,” he said, voice hard though he did not turn around. “If you do this to me again, I will leave you,” He promised.

The word had barely left his mouth when he felt himself be wrenched backwards by a firm hand, gripping his neck, violently cutting off his air. “Never threaten me with that, husband,” Hannibal hissed, the possessive monster breaking free. Will cried out in pain, fear jolting through him, Hannibal had never hit him since that first night but the anger in his voice now was frightening. Sharp fangs dug into his neck, breaking the skin and leaving a permanent mark. Not a dark kink but an attack, blood seeped from the wounds and he heard Hannibal moan as he sucked on the wound, tongue pressing into the broken skin, drawing forth more ruby liquid. His hands clawed at Hannibal's forearms, trying to break his grip, needing to breath through his crushed windpipe. At the point of fainting Hannibal’s hand disappeared and Will doubled over, drawing in gulps of air, swaying on his feet, trying to orient himself.

After only a seconds relief he felt a cruel hand grab a fistful of his hair and twist it roughly. “You are mine and I will never allow you to abandon me,” he heard the beast snarl into his ear, the scent of Will’s blood on his hot breath. Will was wrenched to face him, eyes burning with fire and his beautiful features fixed in a terrifying expression that almost stole Will’s breath but caused his cock to thicken in his pants. “I will kill you if you try,” he swore. Will craned his neck, trying to see his loving husband as he was forced to knees. The hand in his hair held him in place as the other opened the flies in front of his face. Hannibal pushed his pants and boxers down just enough to free his cock. He pulled again on WIll’s hair making

his shout in pain, the sound cut off by Hannibal's thick dick being shoved roughly into his throat. Will choked at the intrusion, struggling to free himself from the iron grip before remembering how to breath through his nose and relax his throat, lips closing around the silky member. His head was jerked forward roughly, Hannibal fucking his mouth with abandon, Will swallowed and sucked as well as could while being used so completely. He looked up at Hannibal's, eyes watering, to find the same frightening face, glaring down at him lips parted in pleasure. Will hummed around the length, tentative hands coming to Hannibal's thighs, wrapping around them tightly when he was not shoved away. He moaned, the thickness in his mouth rendering it silent but the vibration caused Hannibal to gasp in pleasure. "Yes, my only one," he moaned, still pounding into Will's sore throat, bruising blooming where he had strangled him. "You know your place, with me, always with me. Show me who you belong to!" He came with a scream of Will's name and the vicious hand holding him in place released him as his mouth was flooded with seed. Hannibal dropped to his knees, kissing Will roughly before he had even swallowed, white coating both their tongues and dribbling over their chins. Will kissed back desperately, overcome with a dark thrill at being owned by this monster for all of eternity, even death would not release him. He was roughly shoved onto his back, head narrowly avoiding the hardwood floor at the edge of the rug. He felt clawed hands yank at his jeans, dragging them down to his knees, a hand pressed over his mouth. "Lick," the monster ordered. Will obeyed, lapping at the skin as wetly as he could and letting out a dry sob when the dampened hand wrapped around his cock, stroking rapidly as his ripper rutted against him, his other hand clasping Will tightly. Snarls and growls of pleasure drowned out Will's whimpers of pain mixed with pleasure. He came hard and fast with a silent scream.

Hannibal collapsed on top of him, almost crushing Will with this weight as both of them shook with adrenaline, gasping for air. He roughly grabbed Will's face, forcing him to look at him, both eyes wet. "Tell me you didn't mean it," he gasped, somewhere between a demand and a plea. Will stayed silent, unwilling to lie to his husband. Instead he wrapped his arms around Hannibal, holding him tightly as his husband came back to him, fingers digging into Will's back, a single sob against Will's bleeding neck. "I don't want to kill you,"he said thickly. "I will. Don't make me lose you."

"I'm not going anywhere," Will promised, soothing a hand through Hannibal's dishevelled hair. He had meant it but words were not actions and Will doubted he could have made himself walk away even if Hannibal was willing to allow it. "Hush, beautiful," he echoed. "My place is with you."

"I love you," Hannibal said, open wide eyes brimming with tears.

"I love you too. All of you, my beautiful monster," he watched Hannibal's face soften, eyes closed in relief, lips turning up slightly.

“Let me sew you up,” he said, gently helping Will to his feet. They left their tangled pants on the rug and moved to the bathroom with the medical kit and a hotel room sewing kit. Hannibal was methodical, a doctor's touch, smiling in thanks when Will petted his hair throughout, accepting of his dark violent love. Once Will’s neck was cleaned and the wound adorned with dark red stitches he joined Will in the shower, silently washing him from head to toe. Will took the shower gels from him and washed the sweat and seed from Hannibal with gentle care, whispering how much he loved him.

Silent as the night they slid into the soft king sized bed, wrapped up together taking up the minimum of space. Both in need of comfort and willing to give everything to the other. Their blazing bleeding hearts open and on display.

Chapter End Notes

I hope you enjoyed a look at their unconventional relationship. Next chapter will feature role play and lots of amusement at Jack's blindness. Let me know if there's something specific you'd like to see.

Kudos and comments bring me joy! Feedback, constructive criticism and requests are gratefully received.

Survive, live and thrive and, whenever possible, eat the rude.

A Professional relationship

Chapter Summary

> Will, after proving himself, is allowed go back into the field while Jack and Hannibal share a meal that is not as private as it seems.

Chapter Notes

> More Winston this chapter because I saw a picture of him in a flower crown. I hope to have returning readers as I know things got a little rough last time. So I threw in some bondage and dirty talk to make it all better.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Will woke up with his top half sprawled over Hannibal's chest. Muddled from the sleep of the emotionally drained he realised Hannibal was already awake, idly stroking the tips of his hair and his other hand loose on Will's side, barely touching him. Will shivered and nuzzled in closer, Hannibal dragged the cover up to his shoulders but did not wrap his arms around him as he usually did. Will's body desperately wanted to go back to sleep, the light in the room suggested that it was only just past dawn, but he noticed that Hannibal's breathing was different. It felt overly controlled and kept Will from falling back into his dreams, he could sense an unpleasant tension. "Good morning," He mumbled sleepily.

"Good morning, Will," his tone was flat and voice slightly rough. Will hand unconsciously went to his neck, Hannibal hand gently halting him before he touched the tender wound and necklace of bruises. "Does it hurt?" He asked hesitantly.

"No, just itches a little," he answered, lacing his fingers with Hannibal's when he tried to pull his hand away.

"I am so sorry," Hannibal said, voice hoarse and choked. Will shifted, trying to move to lie next to Hannibal, to see his face. In just shy of a dozen years he could count on one hand the amount of times Hannibal had truly apologised. He expressed regret and some of his actions could be seen as apologetic but the word sorry was used very sparingly. The feather light

hand on his side moved to the small of his back. Not holding Will in place but asking him to stay. He stilled, pressing himself into Hannibal as he took in a shuddering breath, a hand swiftly brushing over his face before returning to Will, slightly damp. “You are mine. The most precious thing in the world to me. I love you with all my heart and soul and I wanted to keep you safe, even from myself. I would kill anyone who would seek to hurt you and believed I would never allow myself to behave the way I did last night. I am truly sorry for hurting you in that manner and for touching you when in that state…” his voice trailed away, full of pain and self-loathing.

Will moved to lay next to him, urging Hannibal to move to his side to face him. He placed a hand on Hannibal's cheek, thumbing away a couple of tears. “Oh my love,” he said softly, watching Hannibal turn into his hand with a small needy whine. “I’m not gonna say it’s okay, we both know it’s not,” Hannibal’s sad eyes opened, watching him with fear, afraid of rejection and his own reaction. “You can’t ever do that again,” Hannibal nodded, resting his forehead against Will’s.

“I can’t… don’t know if I can… never want to hurt…” his words were jumbled, stumbling over his lips as he fought fresh waves of tears.

“I know, darling,” Will soothed, hand in Hannibal’s hair. “I love you, every part of you. I know you can control yourself and you will take care of me,” he pressed a kiss to Hannibal’s forehead. “I trust you. Never again,” he said firmly.

“Never, never,” Hannibal repeated, burying his face in Will’s neck as Will stroked over the nape of his neck. After a moment Hannibal’s trembling arms came to wrap tightly around him. His monster was tame now.

“You meant it,” he said softly.

“Yes,” he answered, voice almost silent. Will did not flinch away, holding his husband close.

“We can still have crazy possessive sex, just without the pernamant scarring,” he tried to joke. Hannibal answered with a wet short laugh.

“Whatever you wish mylimas,” he promised. “Love me, stay with me and I will be your slave,” Will slid a hand below Hannibal’s chin, tilted his head for a kiss that spoke of love, attachment and need. Conjoined forever and bound together in every way. For better or for worse. Forever.

They stayed like this for hours, both in need of comfort and touch. Will pulled the battery out of his phone to stop Jack’s insistent texts and calls as they ordered breakfast in bed, watched morning sitcoms and cherished each other. In the early afternoon he borrowed Hannibal’s phone to return the call. Jack answered it politely enough and became irritated when he learned who it was. “Hey Jack.”

“Will? You missed the flight,” he growled.

“No I didn’t,” he countered, smiling at Hannibal as he returned from the shower.

“I just landed and you haven’t so I’d say you did,” Jack snapped.

“I booked myself in for another flight, I’m staying until the Doctors here have confirmed Abigail’s condition,” Will replied, lifting an arm, beckoning Hannibal over. Hannibal joined him, laying on the bed, his head on Will’s stomach.

“Fine, when will you be home?” Jack snapped.

“This evening,” Will answered.

“You come straight here and give your statement, understand?” Jack barked.

“Whatever you say,” Will said, reluctantly as Hannibal’s hand brushed gently over his stirring cock. “Goodbye Jack,” he hung up the phone without waiting for a response.

“We do have to get dressed at some point today,” he said, twirling a finger through Hannibal’s hair.

“Not yet,” Hannibal said, voice dark before shifting his position and lifting Will’s cock to drag his tongue along the thick vein underneath.

Will hummed happily. “No, not yet,” he smiled, letting his head fall back on the pillow. Hannibal moved slowly, his lips gentle and worshipful. Will tugged on his hair, eyes rolling back in his head when Hannibal moaned against his shaft. His body pressed against Will’s as he took the head into his hot mouth, sucking him eagerly, dragging a splayed hand up his inner thigh to cup his balls. Will moaned, combing his hands through Hannibal’s hair, soft and caring as Hannibal began to bob his head. His suction increased and with every bob he took Will deeper, inch by inch until Will’s length was buried in Hannibal’s mouth.

”Stop,” he gasped. Hannibal immediately drew back, the effort it took was written all over his face. Will couldn’t quite hold back his fond chuckle. Hannibal frowned and cocked his head. “Sorry baby, your face is so expressive in bed and the rest of the time you’re impossible to read. It’s adorable.” Hannibal smiled and crawled up the bed for a long sweet kiss. Will wrapped his arms around his husband, hooking a leg over Hannibal’s hip, lining up their erections, moaning gently as the silk lengths grazed against each other. He brushed fine greying hair from Hannibal’s eyes, the golden flecks glowing starkly against the maroon of his iris. His eyes were like no-one elses, beautiful, filled with love and almost frightening in their intensity. Will slid his hand down Hannibal’s chest, over the soft curve of his stomach and to his hard and leaking member. He smeared the precum around the head, using it to slick up the shaft as he began pleasuring Hannibal in earnest.

Hannibal moaned and spat in his hand before wrapping the slicked palm around Will’s dick, pumping him firmly but gently. Will hummed happily, lazily smiling up at Hannibal who gazed at him with quiet wonderment. Will was close enough to see his own flushed face reflected in Hannibal’s bottomless pupils but he never looked away. He hated eye contact as much as he ever did but with Hannibal he found it hard to look away. His whole body shook from the intensity coupled with the pleasure created a loop, both building to a sharp peak.

Hannibal’s body curved towards him, his free hands stroking over Will’s back, his flank, his face. His panting breaths were loud in Will’s ear, every sense was heightened, he could feel the pulse of his racing heart through his weeping cock. “I love you, my precious Will,” Hannibal gasped, hips moving as he drew close to his orgasm.

“I love you too. My dear husband,” Will moaned, breath hot against Hanniball’s ear. His free hand reached down to massage Hannibal’s balls as they tightened and he came with a broken shout. His own movements grew faster and Will’s mind was consumed by wave after wave of pleasure. Hannibal stroked him through his climax, milking every last drop from Will’s sensitive cock.

Will smiled and drew Hannibal into a long kiss. “Rude boy,” Hannibal teased gently. Will let out a shocked laugh.

“Me?”

“Yes. You got me all dirty again after I just showered.” he scolded.

“Like you haven’t done the same thing a hundred times, usually when I have somewhere to be,” Will reminded him with a playful nip at Hannibal’s earlobe.

“Not in over a week,” Hannibal answered rolling into his back, humming in contentment as Will combed his finger through his mattered chest hair.

“Will you come visit Abigail with me?” Will asked. “I wasn’t lying about wanting to see her before we go”

“Of course, darling,” Hannibal responded, stretching out his long limbs and standing up. “Come,” he said, holding out his hand.

“Just did,” Will sassed but took his hand, letting Hannibal pull him to his feet.

“Crude, Will,” he said with a displeased lip twitch. He led Will into the spacious shower and drew two more orgasms from him with his hand and mouth before they emerged clean and satisfied.

Will picked up on Hannibal's shift in demeanour since the night before. He always liked to touch, when driving, in bed, when cooking, he took every opportunity to keep a hand on Will. That had not changed but it was more desperate, less possessive, more clingy. He orbited around Will, his craving for affection tangible, watching him as though he was a mythical creature. He saw Hannibal flinch as Will examined his stitches in the mirror. The surrounding skin was a collage of purple and blue, the slim red thread drawing attention to itself. He drew his scarf around his neck, hiding the damage from the world as well as his husband. Hannibal moved in close behind him, slowly wrapping his arms around Will's waist, his grip tightening when Will smiled and leaned back against him, his hands covering Hannibal's. Will titled his head back and kissed Hannibal's jaw. "We need to get going soon if we're gonna get home today," he said.

"Do we have to leave today?" Hannibal asked, fingering the fridge of Will's scarf. "We can afford to stay as long as you like."

"Tempting," Will admitted. Hannibal bent his head to press kisses to Will's temple and cheeks."No, Hannibal, responsibilities," he groaned

"Very well," Hannibal said, reluctantly stepping back. His fingers brushed hesitantly over the fabric covering his mark. "I checked it properly last night, once the stitches come out the scarring will not be too bad," he said haltingly as though Will would suddenly realise what had happened and turn on him.

Will nodded and turned around to hug Hannibal. He took Hannibal's hand as they went to the hospital.

Abigail had fallen into a coma. Her room was stark and cold and she looked so tiny in the bed, covered in starched white sheets. Will stood uncomfortably in the room, brow scrunched as Hannibal took the seat beside her, holding her delicate hand. "Do you think she can hear us?" He asked, almost whispering in the quiet room.

"Some people remember everything that is said while they are in a coma while others remember dreams and then there are the patients that remember nothing," Hannibal said, running his thumb over the back of her hand. "The doctors say her brain is fine and there is no reason to believe she will not wake up soon. She is listening, my love."

Will nodded, edging closer. “I’m sorry,” he said softly. He sat down on the sofa not sure what else he could say. They sat quietly for a long time, Abigail’s chest rhythmically rising and falling, the only sign she was alive. Will watched her with a sinking feeling, she had no family in the room with her because of him. He looked over at Hannibal, his family, his heart ached. “Thank you for saving her,” he croaked. Hannibal bowed his head but stayed silent, covering his mouth to stifle a small yawn. “I’m gonna try and find some coffee,” Will said, stretching out his legs, he’d been sitting longer than he realised.

Will was gone maybe twenty minutes, returning with two cups of weak machine coffee. He smiled when he returned to the room to find Hannibal fast asleep, slumped forward in his chair, hair falling over his forehead. Will’s heart swelled with love, he looked so vulnerable sitting there holding Abigail’s white hand loosely. Will placed Hannibal’s coffee on a small table and took a sip of his own, it was too hot and tasted awful, especially compared to the perfect coffee Hannibal brought him in the mornings. He moved towards Hannibal softly and brushed back his hair, he didn’t move at all, breathing deep and steady. Bending his head he pressed a soft kiss to Hannibal’s lips, Hannibal stirred and responded, sleepily sliding his tongue past Will’s lips with a soft pleased sound. “I love you,” Will said when he drew back.

“I love you, too,” Will smiled tiredly, it disappeared when his gaze fell on the drawn pale face of the orphan girl lying unnaturally still in the bed next to them. “Feeling responsible Will?”

“Don’t you?”

“Yes. I feel an overwhelming amount of responsibility,” Hannibal answered. “We were both there when her world changed and we both saved her.”

“You saved her, I orphaned her,” Will corrected.

“Her Father tried to kill her, Will. We need to do better,” Hannibal said, watching him intently. “You went into the dark place but you came back with a surrogate daughter,” he tugged Will closer, arranging him to sit sideways on his lap.

“I don’t think this is appropriate for a hospital,” Will muttered, though his body melted into Hannibal’s heat.

“You need comfort now, darling, let me give you that,” Hannibal said softly, pressing a soft kiss to Will’s hairline. Will softened and gave in to the safe warm feeling his husband provided.

“Just for a short while, we do need to go home today,” he said, turning his head into Hannibal’s neck.

“Not if you do not wish to,” he said after a moment. “We can stay here.”

“An emergency vacation?” Will asked, mostly joking. “A romantic week in Minnesota.”

“A week, a year, Minnesota, Athens. Whatever you want, my sweet mongoose. You caught the Shrike, your duty is fulfilled,” he urged softly.

“He would have kept going, if I didn’t find him,” Will said, almost to himself.

“Most certainly, his attacks may have even increased once his fear of Abigail leaving had come to pass,” Hannibal said. “You are likely to return to a hero’s welcome.”

Will groaned at this. “You’re making me want to stay.”

“I will support whatever you decide,” Hannibal said. “It is your choice.”

“It felt good to save people. It’s why I became a cop,” Will said. “But I’m afraid to let people like that into my head.”

“You are afraid to lose yourself,” Will nodded. “You don’t need to. No matter what dark places you go to, I will bring you back,” he promised.

“I’d be saving lives,” Will said.

“I don’t care about their lives, I care about your life,” Hannibal said firmly.

“You’ll take care of me, if I do this?” Will’s voice was small.

“Of course. You are my husband and I will do everything in my power to keep you safe,” he assured him, stroking a soothing hand over his back.

“Let’s go home,” he said softly.

“Home or the hotel?”

“Home. I miss Winston,” Hannibal kissed him gently before listing him to his feet.
“Goodbye, Abigail,” he said, releasing her hand.

“Goodbye Abigail,” Will echoed.

“She will be okay, Will,” Hannibal said in reassurance. “We will make sure of it.”

Hand in hand they excited the hospital and began the long journey back to Baltimore.

Less than a week later they were secreted in Hannibal’s office, both laughing with abandon. Will was leaning on Hannibal grasping his shirt to stay upright. “I’m starting to doubt your faith in my abilities as a therapist,” Hannibal said, through laughter.

“Never,” Will assured him, with an arm around his neck.

“Yet the idea of me being your therapist is apparently hilarious to you.”

“You’re laughing too!” Will protested.

“Yes, but it’s only because you are so incredibly beautiful when you laugh,” he answered with a fond smile. “Seeing you like this fills me with joy.”

“It’s not that you are not an amazing psychiatrist and probably the only one that could help me,” he said, voice wavering slightly from breathlessness.

“Honesty is essential in any doctor/patient relationship, if it is to be successful,” Hannibal observed, his own laughter under control.

“Then you are definitely the only sensible choice,” Will said, another laugh bubbling up from his mouth. He dissolved into fits of giggles again. “It was the phrasing he used!” He repeated for the third time.

“Please control yourself long enough to tell me,” Hannibal asked, laughing himself. He helped Will to sit in one of the chairs, shifting his own chair closer. Will managed to get himself under control.

“He said that you are a better fit becau-” he snorted out a laugh and took a deep breath. “Because the relationship is not personal!” His face split into a grin and began laughing again. He looked at Hannibal who was not laughing but smiling with a wicked glint in his marron eyes.

“You are enjoying this as much as I am,” he observed.

“I never denied that,” Will answered with his own wicked smile.

“Do you trust me to help you, Will?” He asked, voice like silk. “As your Doctor?”

Will's breath caught in his throat, laughter dying and being replaced with burning arousal. He could sense the change in Hannibal's posture and the air in the room became charged. A spontaneous role-play scene was rare, but always enjoyable, unpredictable and thrilling. "Yes, Doctor Lecter."

"Good," he stood trailing his fingers along the desk, brushing over the already signed form declaring Will fit for service. "You understand that I cannot in good conscience sign you for active service until I am completely satisfied. Are you going to cooperate with me?" He asked, brow raised.

"Yes, Doctor," Will breathed.

"Are you afraid, Will?" he asked, sly amusement in his tone.

"No?" Will's brow furrowed, unsure of where Hannibal was going with this. Hannibal tilted his head to the side and waited. "No," he repeated.

"Eyes dilated," he crept closer, taking Will's pulse clinically. "Heart racing. Breathing heavy. All symptoms of fear," he purred. Straightening he moved to stand behind Will, bending forward to scent his neck and hair. "But you smell like sex. Do I arouse you?"

"Yes," Will breathed, tipping his head backwards.

"You allow inhibitions and social morality to stay your hand instead of following your natural urges and instincts. This limits your ability to make the tough decisions in the moment, when you need to. Your mind becomes clouded with choices and ethics long after you have taken action. The only way I can truly believe that you can be of service without destroying yourself is to see you completely give in to what you want, without hesitation," he purred, a hand carding through Will's hair, less gentle then he would ordinarily be. Will pouted when his hand was taken away and Hannibal came to stand before him. He placed his hands on the arms of Will's chair, caging him in place as he leaned forward until there was only an inch between their lips. "What are your urges telling you to do right now," Will didn't answer, too distracted by Hannibal's lips, the intensity in his voice. "Answer me," he snapped with sudden viciousness.

“Kiss you,” Will answered, breathlessly. Hannibal smiled, sharp white teeth gleaming in the low light. He tilted his lips forward, an invitation and a challenge. With a shuddering breath Will moved forward claiming Hannibal’s mouth. He felt Hannibal smile against him and part his own lips a fraction, he remained pliant forcing Will to take the lead. He obeyed, taking Hannibal’s head in both his hands with a vice like grip. Hannibal’s lips were forced to part further as Will forced his tongue past his lips, exploring Hannibal’s mouth, drinking in the coppery sweet taste of his husband's mouth. The complex power dynamic made his cock throb with want. He was taking what he wanted while Hannibal appeared to yield to his desires, it was false. Hannibal was in control, the dominant one in this scenario, allowing Will the illusion of control. His own control only existed because it was granted by his husband, Will could stop him with a single word. They had not discussed this scene but Will knew he was safe. When Will drew back for breath and released Hannibal he found his wrists caught in Hannibal’s grip.

“Very good,” he growled. “What do you want?”

“To clear my mind,” he answered, voice strong.

Hannibal sneered down at him. “Be specific. Tell me what your complex mind is screaming at you to do,” he leaned close, lips a breath away from Will’s ear. “I can practically hear your wants already. Speak little one,”

“I want to suck your cock,” Will blurted. “Then I want you to bend me over your desk and spank me before taking me roughly, using me,” he finished, voice wavering in desire, staring up at Hannibal with wide eyes and parted lips.

“What a perfect desperate slut you are, little one,” Hannibal mocked, his nails dug into Will’s wrists making him hiss on pain. HIs grip loosened and his gaze softened. “Do you want your safeword?” Hannibal asked, meeting Will’s eyes. Will shook his head. “Will,” Hannibal warned.

“No,” Will gasped, still shaking his head.

“Tell me your safeword, mano mylimasis,” Hannibal instructed.

“Mongoose.”

“You will use it if you need to,” he said firmly. “Promise me.”

“I promise.”

“So good for me,” Hannibal praised, giving him a soft kiss before tightening his grip again.

“Your mind is so desperate to be quietened, it yearns to give itself over to another,” he growled, with a dark delight. “Your entire being cries out, begging for a strong hand, someone to use you, give you purpose, even for a short time.”

“Please,” he whimpered.

“Is that why you wish to return to the field even though deep down you know it will push you to the edge and test you until you throw yourself off? Do you truly desire this life, little one, or are you so desperate for a strong hand that you throw yourself at Jack Crawford’s feet?” Hannibal pushed, enjoying the way his precious boy squirmed in discomfort.

“No, I- I want to help save people,” Will pleaded so beautifully.

“Do you want me to sign you off?” He asked, voice firm.

“Yes please,” Will requested, voice breaking.

“Follow your urges for me. Perform well I will grant your wish,” Hannibal said, running a soothing hand through Will's hair before stepping back.

“Take off your clothes, little one,” Will leapt out of his seat to obey, almost tearing off his clothes before folding them neatly. When he turned back to Hannibal, he kept his head bowed, trying in vain to hide his erection behind shaking hands. Hannibal stepped forward to bat them away. “Lovely,” he observed dispassionately.

“Now me,” he instructed. Will stepped forward, moving behind Hannibal he gently slid his jacket over broad shoulder and folded it with care before placing it on hannibal’s chair. Next he popped upon the fastening on Hannibal patterned waistcoat, his fingers were trembling slightly but Hannibal did not move to help nor did he show annoyance. Once it had joined the jacket, Will began on Hannibal’s tie, a paisley monstrosity; he was careful not to wrinkle or stretch the fabric. Once it was free it went to to table, next to the form. Will unbuttoned Hannibal’s shirt, parting the thin crisp fabric further with each button. With the fabric fully open Will felt the urge to touch, he followed that desire, laying his palm flat on Hannibal’s chest, pressing against the muscles, hard under a slim layer of fat. He ran his rough palms over the skin, so warm, the strength there obvious, he ran his hands over broad shoulders down to a trim waist. A perfect example of what biology deemed desirable, viral and beautiful. Will followed his base instincts and reached up to kiss Hannibal soft lips, moaning softly when his hardened nipples brushed against Hannibal’s chest. He knelt at Hannibal’s feet, unlacing the expensive shoes and sliding one off, then the other. They were placed under his chair and soon his socks were neatly placed inside. The image of himself laying prostrate on the ground worshipping Hannibal’s feet with his mouth appeared in his mind's eye and he felt precum beading at the thought. Shuffling backwards he lowered himself to lay on his stomach, raising his head just enough to kiss Hannibal’s toes, the rug providing rough friction against his cock. He moved up to his knees, unbucking Hannibal’s belt buckle as he mouthed at the outline of his erection, clear through his slacks. Sliding the belt free he moved away to place the belt on the table next to his tie. Will remain upright while undoing Hannibal’s flies, pressing his cheek into Hannibal’s chest as he did. He smiled when he felt one large hand brush through his hair, Hannibal dipped his head to inhale the sweet fruity smells in Will’s hair. Once the flies were open Will slid down taking the trousers with him. When they pooled around his ankles Hannibal stepped out of them and Will placed them on the chair with the other discarded clothes. He returned to Hannibal on his knees and slowly dragged down his dark boxers, releasing his fully erect penis. Will locked his lips around the swollen head, suckeling greedily at the tip before drawing back so he could remove Hannibal’s boxers from around his feet. He folded them neatly and placed them atop the small pile before coming to stand in front of Hannibal. “Very good, little one. I’d like you to turn on the overhead light then return to me and kneel.”

Will nodded and moved to the light switch, turning on the main light, the room that had been dimly lit by wall sconces was now awash with light. When he turned to walk back he saw that Hannibal had placed a pillow on the floor at his feet. His husband, so vicious and strong, yet so kind. He touched the scar forming on his neck, the red thread replaced with medical stitches that would dissolve. The marks and memory would last a lifetime but so would every sweet gesture and living kiss. Will wondered what invisible marks had been left on Hannibal.

He knelt on the plush cushion, gazing up into the stoic face of Hannibal. “This about your wants, little one,” his voice soft and deeper than usual. Will nodded and held Hannibal’s eyes as he dragged his tongue along the underside of Hannibal’s dick, stimulating his balls with one hand as he other stoked his flanks. He continued running his tongue over the shaft and head of his length, coating it with his saliva, wanting to take Hannibal as deep as possible. When his member was slick with drool Will leaned forward and pressed his tongue to the slim slit, tasting the first hint of pre-cum. Holding his penis loosely between his fingers Will ducked his head to wrap his mouth around Hannibal’s scrotum, tonguing his balls. As soon as he heard Hannibal suck in a sharp pleasured breath he swiftly moved to take the head in his mouth, his hand pulling back the foreskin carefully. He swirled his tongue wetly around the head before sucking with a soft moan. Will’s hand went to Hannibal’s wrists, bringing his hands to Will’s curls, Hannibal instantly began petting the soft stands there. He did not pull or try to control Will’s movements but let Will taste and explore him as he pleased. Will’s tongue was heavenly, strong and flexible, over the years he had memorised every inch of Hannibal’s body and how to manipulate it bringing him unknown pleasure. He wanted Hannibal’s hands on him to ground him, keep him present in the moment and the scene. Will tilted his head and relaxed his throat, moving forward and taking Hannibal deeper into his mouth. He slid his hands up over Hannibal thighs and around to grip his firm ass, urging his hips forward and swallowing him to the hilt. Hannibal’s coarse public hair tickled his nose as he moaned loudly around the hot flesh, the sound muffled but the powerful vibrations drew a gasp from Hannibal’s parted lips.

Will could make him finish in a handful of minutes, he’d done it before just to prove he could but he wanted to draw this out. He swallowed around the hardened shaft before hollowing out his cheeks and drawing back slowly while massaging his cheeks. Bobbing his head rapidly he kept a firm steady pace, letting his mind drift as he glutted himself of the taste and smell of Hannibal. He felt a sharp tug on his curls which brought him back to the present. His neck ached as he continued sucking and moaning, saliva dripping from his mouth and coating his chin. “Stop!” he heard Hannibal command sharply. Will drew back and looked up at him with an adorable pout.

“I don’t want to,” he whined, inner brat rising.

“I know, little one,” Hannibal cooed, petting him. “You have indulged your wants splendidly. There is another one of your problems we must discuss,” Will let out a needy whimper and rested his forehead on Hannibal’s thigh before letting out a long breath and nodded.

“Yes Doctor,” he said quietly. He shifted his body around until he was sitting on the cushion rather than kneeling. His hand moved up to unconsciously move over Hannibal’s weighty

member.

“Enough, I need you to concentrate, little one,” Hannibal said firmly, slapping his hand away, just enough to sting for a second. “I want you to make a decision,” Will nodded, indicating he was listening, hands folded in his lap. “If you wish, you can continue and I will happily come in your pretty mouth and sign you off as mostly sane but that will be the end of today’s session. Otherwise you can bend yourself over the table and I will turn your ass bright red before pounding you as I have wanted to since the second I saw you in Jack Crawford’s office,” he tugged on Will’s hair again. “If you do not choose, you will have neither and I will tell Agent Crawford that his new favourite pony is not fit to perform. Can you finally make a choice at the crucial moment?” He challenged, with a smirk of dark pleasure.

Will rose gracefully to his feet and removed the cushion from the floor, carrying him with him to the desk. He clutched it to his chest and bent forward, resting his torso on the soft fabric and jutting his ass out eagerly. Hannibal came towards him slowly. “Speak, little one,” he goaded again.

“I would like you to spank me and then pound me, Doctor Lecter,” he answered, face burning. “And I want you to use the belt.”

“Whatever you want,” he said, smoothly his hand over Will’s behind. He pulled away the pillow, letting Will’s chest land on the solid wood. “Please close your legs,” he instructed, Will did so, not realising how wide they had been spread. Hannibal hand pressed firmly on Will’s lower back, forcing him to arch his back slightly. “Very lovely.”

“This feels unethical,” Will mumbled.

“Unorthodox, but for your own good,” Will nodded, head resting heavily on the dark wood.

“Yes, Doctor Lecter.”

“You don’t need to count but be as loud and you like,” Hannibal teased before bringing his open hand down on Will’s ass, the force driving him forward and forcing a gasp from his body. Hannibal didn’t pause before slapping the other cheek with equal force. Will let out a

soft moan as warmth spread over the area, pleasure and pain mixing and rushing to his head. The position was uncomfortable but not painful and his mind focused on the pain radiating from his bottom as Hannibal continued raining blow after blow in rapid succession.

When he paused Will lay boneless on the table gasping for breath. “More,” he managed to moan weakly. Firm hands squeezed the bright pink flesh, handling him roughly before blunt nails dug into the tender flesh causing Will to yelp in a most undignified manner. He heard the whisper of leather through the cloud in his head and only a second later felt it crack across his ass. He had expected more pain, it stung bitterly but disappeared after a moment. As Hannibal paused he felt blood rush to the sight and the pain flared up just in time for Hannibal to bring the leather back down again in the same spot, Will almost screamed. He moaned, squirming in ecstatic pain as his weeping dick slammed against the hard wood before him. It was not gentle but any friction was enough to make his heart pound harder and faster. Moans of pleasure and screams of pain mixed in the air and Hannibal’s blow came faster and faster, moving from the top of his ass down to the line between his bottom and thighs where he was most sensitive. Finally when his ass was glowing and beginning to bruise he stopped.

Will had tears in his eyes as he watched Hannibal open a drawer and removed a clear bottle of oil. He felt the lube drizzled onto his ass cheeks, cooling the burn as Hannibal rubbed it over the skin there. Humming in delight he pushed his hips forward but Hannibal pulled his light back, further from the desk before plunging his lubed up finger into Will’s fluttering hole. “Han- ungh- Doctor Lecter!” Will gasped rocking himself backwards, fingers digging into the edge of the desk. He cried out when a second finger breached him, expertly locating his prostate and brushing against the bundle of nerves there causing stars to explode in Will’s vision. Hannibal’s fingers twisted within him as he began to scissor his fingers, working Will open gently but clinically.

He nudged Will's legs open a little before slicking up his length with the lubricant, pressing the head against Will’s opening and leaning over to whisper in his ear. “I’m going to fuck you deep and take my pleasure from your pretty body, little one” he whispered, voice rough. Licking over the shell of his ear he plunged inside, burying himself to the hilt in one strong thrust. Will howled, his body spasming and ass clenching tightly. Hannibal thrust into him roughly, fingers digging into his hips, deep enough to leave bruises that were bone deep. A hand slid up over his sweat drenched back, massaging the nape of his neck briefly before wrapping his arm around Will’s shoulder, heaving his weight backwards and leaning forward over his back. “I am the only one who can untangle your complex brain, keep you from breaking apart completely,” he growled.

“Yes. Yes Doctor!” Will shouted, head thrown back.

“You need me, little one, no-one else can see you like this. All mine to enjoy,” he purred, smirking against his strained neck. He reached down wrapping a hand tightly around Will’s dick, pumping the shaft steadily. “You will give yourself to me completely, little one, your mind and body are mine to enjoy and explore and manipulate,” he began to pump Will more rapidly. “So beautiful and utterly enthralling. I will enjoy seeing you helpless with the pleasure only I can provide. You will allow no other to touch you or peek into your disturbed mind.”

Will let out a long scream as he came hard, dirting the table and the floor. He felt Hannibal’s weight press into him, whispering forgein words into Will’s ear as he emptied himself into Will’s deep hole, coating his insides.

Breathing rough and ragged he slid out with care and lifted Will’s vibrating body off the floor, carrying him bridal style to the sofa. He took a seat, arranging Will to lay against him, cuddling him close and tugging a blanket over him. Hannibal combed through Will’s hair lazily as his breathing slowed. Will’s hand reached out with grasping motions and Hannibal slid his hand into Will’s. “I love you so, my darling,” he said softly.

“I love you, Hannibal,” he murmured, wriggling until his sore ass was exposed to the cold air. “I am going to enjoy having you as my therapist,” he teased, laying his head in Hannibal’s lap.

“I do have genuine concerns about you returning to active service after what happened with Garrett Jacob Hobbs,” Hannibal said with sincerity. Will mumbled sleepily, dragging Hannibal’s hand to his mouth, kissing around and over the knuckles. “My sweet Mongoose,” Hannibal said affectionately. “You are ready for bed?” Will nodded, nuzzling into Hannibal’s thighs. “Come along my love,” when he tried to move Will frowned and shook his head.

“I’m comfortable,” he complained, resistant to the idea of moving.

“Be grateful I am not insisting you clean up the mess you made,” he scolded gently.

“I’ll do it in the morning,” Will chuckled softly and shifted to look at Hannibal with wide-eyes, pouting sweetly. “Carry me?” He requested.

“You are becoming far too spoiled, my dear,” Hannibal warned and lifted Will to his feet. “And I am, as always, unable to deny you,” he lifted Will into his arms, wrapped in his blanket and carried him upstairs, through the bedroom and deposited him naked in the empty bathtub of their en suite bathroom.

Hannibal turned on the taps, his hand under the flow to test the temperature. Once it was suitable he stepped away and let the water rise around Will. He retrieved various toiletries, placing them on the edge of the tub. “Is my beloved husband too exhausted to wash himself?” He asked playfully. Will nodded with a cheeky smile. “I’m not sure I believe you.”

“If you wash me, I’ll wash you,” he offered. “Please.”

“Wicked creature,” Hannibal said with affection before lowering himself in the bath to lay opposite Will. “How is it you are so able to bend me to your whims?” He mused.

“Not always,” Will answered with a sleepy smile. “I’ve learned to take advantage of the nights when you are most malleable,” he said, leaning in for a soft kiss.

Once they were submerged in the steaming water Hannibal turned off the taps and drew Will forward into his arms, arranging him to straddle his thighs. He poured shower gel into his palm and rubbed his hands together before spreading the scented soap over Will’s back, kneading the muscles there, stressed from holding an uncomfortable position. Will hummed and leaned forward, his forehead on Hannibal’s shoulders. Hannibal ran his hands along Will’s muscled arms and legs, cleaning him of the sweat that had formed there. After cleaning his chest he lifted Will slightly, guided him to kneel high enough for Hannibal to carefully clean away the cum and lube leaking from his ass. Will winced slightly as the gel moved over the welts at the top of his thighs. “Sore, my love?” He asked softly.

“I won’t be sitting comfortably for a while,” Will said with a short laugh.

“No complaints?”

“None,” Will declared with a sweet smile. “I’m not as delicate as you think.”

“Yes you are,” Hannibal argued, pressing a protective kiss to his forehead. “My delicate, fierce husband,” Will laughed. He settled himself back on Hannibal’s lap to return his attention, thoroughly washing Hannibal’s skin, hands moving over familiar scars and defined muscles. Once they were both wiped clean of sweat and cum Will moved closer, resting his body against Hannibal’s with his head in the crook of his neck, breathing in Hannibal’s unmasked scent until the water began to cool. Hannibal patted his thigh firmly.

“Bedtime darling,” he said softly, lifting Will and moving him off his lap before standing up and wrapping a towel around his waist before holding one out for Will to step into. He towel his husband dry with tenderness, trying not to disturb his fresh marks, he did notice Will checking out the marks in the mirror with a slight blush as Hannibal dried himself. “Lay on your stomach and let me apply some cream, my dear,” he suggested, kissing Will’s temple. Will nodded and lay down snuggling into the soft sheets underneath with a happy smile. “You are so lovely like this,” Hannibal said. “Soft and sweet.”

“Hmm, and satisfied,” he added with a tired smile. When Hannibal spread a flower scented salve over his stinging bottom, numbing him slightly. “Thank you,” he hummed, wiggling his ass upwards. Hannibal bent over him and nibbled on his ear.

“You are cleaning that desk tomorrow. I mean it,” he warned.

“Whatever you say,” Will said, wiggling his way under the blanket. He lifted his head and let out two high whistles, Winston came racing up the stairs and after Hannibal scratched behind his ears he flopped onto his own bed.

Hannibal slid into the bed behind Will and pulled him in close with a heavy arm around the waist. “I love you,” he whispered in Will’s ear.

“I love you too,” Will turned to look at Hannibal over his shoulder. “Can I still get anything I want?” He teased, lightly.

“Most probably,” Hannibal answered cautiously.

“You’re having Jack over for dinner again.”

“Yes. I am hoping to convince him to bring his wife in hopes he will stop trying to pry your secrets from me and I can learn a few of his,” Hannibal told him, fingers playing over his flat stomach. “Would you like to join us?” He offered.

Will scoffed. “God, no. But I do want to hear what you are talking about. I know you have surveillance equipment,” he said with a soft laugh.

“A wise investment when hunting the upper-class of Baltimore,” Hannibal said with a smirk.

“So I can see and hear everything from up here with Winston?” Hannibal wavered slightly. Will generally preferred to be out of the house when he entertained and while they did not intend to stay secret forever he did have certain ideas on how he planned to reveal his claim to Will. Then Will brushed his ass against Hannibal and stuck out his bottom lip.

“Winston is not allowed on the bed,” he replied firmly. Will smiled with triumph. “I mean it, you wicked creature. If I find one dog hair on my sheets you will be sleeping in the guest room for a month,” Will nodded as though giving in.

“Don’t you worry, Winston,” he whispered loudly. “We’re wearing him down.”

“Good night, husband of mine.”

“Good night husband.”

Will did not succeed in winning permission to allow Winston on the bed but Hannibal did set up cameras so Will could spy on dinner. They did not keep secrets, considering their first night it didn’t make sense for them to do so but he was nervous about having him hidden upstairs. In the end it was a few weeks before he was able to have Jack for a proper meal and

Will was looking forward to hearing how Jack thought their ‘conversations’ were going. “Why are we keeping this secret?” He asked Will as he was preparing dinner. “I don’t believe we set out to do so.”

“No, but I want to continue doing this special agent thing and if they find out I’ve been fucking my therapist, the same therapist who declared me fit for duty I may even lose my teaching position,” he reminded him. “Besides, you can’t deny it’s a little fun being the smartest people in the room,” he said.

“I don’t see how pissing off Jack will affect your job,” Hannibal answered, adding garlic to the sizzling meat.

“He’s petty and has the best track record the FBI’s ever seen,” Will told him, wrapping his hands around his waist from behind. “It’s not just the students who think he’s a God among mortals, my bosses are just as impressed,” he muttered.

“Should I be worried about getting caught by this expert?” He asked playfully.

“Not even he’s smart enough to catch the Chesapeake Ripper,” Will purred. “No-one is that smart.”

“You are pandering to my ego to get your own way again.”

“And it’s working,” Will said with a grin. “I just want to explore this for a little while, okay. Find out if I’m evolving as you said,” he said seriously. “Please Hannibal.”

Hannibal turned in his arms and drew Will’s head to his chest. “If it is important to you it is important to my mylimas,” he said, stroking Will’s hair. “We will keep the great Guru in the dark for as long as you want.”

“Thank you. I promise that as soon as I understand my own feelings we can come out as dramatically as you like.”

“You know how dramatic I can be,” he warned with a smirk.

“Any way you like,” he said with a grin. Hannibal’s grin was delighted and dark. “You’re imagining screwing me in the lobby of the museum aren’t you?” Will said with a laugh.

“No,” Hannibal said truthfully. “I believe the elusive Ripper is worthy of the main display room.”

“I couldn’t agree more,” he said with a smile as Hannibal returned to grilling the meat. The doorbell rang. “He’s early,” he complained.

“Upstairs you go, my love,” Hannibal sighed. “Unless you would like to strip and spread yourself across the dinner table?”

“Not tonight,” Will said, pulling him into a kiss.

“I’ll pick up the sushi supplies tomorrow,” he answered. Will laughed and headed upstairs with Winston at his heels.

“Go light on the wasabi this time baby,” he reminded him from the bottom of the stairs.

Will settled himself on the plush bed, Winston in his own bed, laptop open and connected to the feed from downstairs. He saw Jack seated at the table, quietly admiring the complicated centrepiece. Will chuckled to himself, Jack had no idea that the curved ivory on the edges was real bones, taken from the rib cage of the slow ‘rabbit’ he was about to be served. When Jack commented that he should have hopped faster Will had to shove a pillow in his mouth to muffle his laughter. Once he would have felt a pull of shame for finding it so funny but Hannibal’s dark sense of humour had rubbed off on him over the years and the feelings of shame and guilt became less and less strong. Something that once plagued him several times a day was now unfamiliar and fleeting. Winston’s ears perked up at the sounds and he trotted closer to the bed in curiosity. “It’s okay buddy,” Will told him with a smile leaning down to pet him. “I love you but not enough to spend a month in the spare room and you know Papa

H means it when he says that," He laughed again more quietly. Hannibal had started the Papa Will and Papa H thing as a joke but quickly became annoyed when Winston recognised the names and Will persisted in using them.

Jack looked as though he had skillfully diverted Hannibal from discussion of his marriage and potential problems there but Will could read his husband's micro expressions and knew all his comment had done was peak Hannibal's interest. Hannibal never did couples counselling, not because he found the area difficult or uninteresting but because the temptation to play games with a rocky marriage was too great to resist. Will had no doubt a lot fewer marriages would be saved in order to satisfy his curiosity and Hannibal took great pride in his professional reputation. Unorthodox as his methods may be, most patients believed he had done them an invaluable service. Will among them.

Jack swiftly turned the conversation to Will and his suspicions about Abigail. Will scowled at him, the young woman was still recovering in a hospital bed. Her throat had been sliced open by her Father and not long afterwards a man had attempted to bury her alive, now Jack had decided she was as bad as them, not an unwitting accomplaice but a cold murderer. He heard the inflection in Hannibal's voice when he responded. Hannibal had technically not agreed with Will's statement that she was innocent but Will believed that, no matter his own opinion, Hannibal would protect her and not just for Will's sake. He recognised the sharp edge to his voice and felt a thrill. Jack could not imagine the nightmares under his pillow and his dreams would horrify him even more.

The mention of his own Father and simpler times caused him to frown, mostly because it was a lie. Hannibal manipulated the truth but an outright lie was rare. When Jack took a sip of wine Hannibal shot a quick smirk at the camera, Will shared his past with hardly anyone and feeding Jack lies was amusing Hannibal greatly. Will recognised that smile, he was performing, hiding his possessive nature under his professional facade. Hannibal knew how Will had hated being dragged from town to town, living off ramen noodles and on the rare occasion he managed to make a friend he was always ashamed to invite them home to their cheap short-term trailer. Will's Dad wasn't a bad man but he was ill-equipped to care for Will's emotional needs and provide him with food. He did what he could and Will was grateful but he did not want to return to those times.

It was true that he needed an anchor, perhaps had he had one in the past he would have disarmed Oliver and arrested him that night. But then he wouldn't have been saved and taken by Hannibal. Now he had Hannibal to take care of him in every way he could ever need and he would never wish for anything different.

Will continued watching the meal. Hannibal probed further into Jack's marriage, wrangling a promise from Jack to bring Mrs Crawford next time. Jack consistently tried to bring the conversation back to Will, wanting intimate details of their 'conversations' although Will was not technically Hannibal's patient he insisted on some level of confidentiality.

Hannibal chose to spin him half-truths of how they had discussed Will's struggle to face his own needs and wants and addressed his inability to make hard choices with the use of role play. Jack made a subtle dirty joke and Will had to turn on his stomach barely able to contain his laughter at how right he was without even knowing it. The sudden movement and his convulsions riled up Winston further who began running around the room in excitement, resisting his urge to jump on the bed and lick at Will's face. After a few seconds Winston crashed into the side table, causing a racket that was audible downstairs. He saw Jack tensed on the screen, alerted to danger. "What was that?" he wondered out loud.

"Most likely the dog," Hannibal answered smoothly. "Company excites him and I do not wish to spend the night defending my food," he quipped with a small smile but Jack stood anyway, drawing a gun from his belt. "Really Jack, this area is very safe."

"Very affluent," Jack commented. "It would be smart to check that he's not excited by an intruder," he said approaching the stairs and leaving the camera's view. Hannibal rolled his eyes at the camera and followed after Jack, Will hid his laptop under the bed, he placed a bedside ornament on the floor and silently slipped into the bathroom, closing the door softly. Even with his ear pressed to the door Will could barely hear Jack moving along the corridor, he moved quietly for a man his size. If there was an intruder he would not escape easily. Will tensed slightly when he heard the bedroom door open and Winston began to bark. "Enough Winston," Hannibal said with authority, the barks turned into low and slightly threatening sounds. "I apologise Jack, Winston is usually very friendly, there must be something about your smell he takes objection to," Hannibal said lightly. "Are you feeling paranoid?"

"What's behind that door?" He heard Jack say suspiciously.

"My bathroom," Hannibal said with exaggerated patience. "Believe me Jack were someone in my home there would be a trail of blood leading to that room. As sweet as his disposition is, if someone were to come across Winson unaccompanied by his master he would attack. He is very territorial and protective of our little pack."

“He’s blocking the door,” Jack pointed out. Winston had moved to do so before Will even closed the door. He trusted Hannibal as much as Will did and adored both his masters but he would defend Will with teeth if he needed to and had clearly decided Jack was not a friend.

“Very well, allow me to check it for you. Winston stay,” Will stepped to the side, into the open shower, tilting his head with an innocent smile when Hannibal locked eyes with him. “All clear,” he announced and returned to the main room.

Will heard Jack tuck him gun away with a short chuckle and Winston’s grumbling subsided. “Guess it was the gun he didn’t like.”

“He is smarter than he looks,” Hannibal observed. “We should discuss your paranoia Jack, I think it may be connected to your comments about Will. Are you worried that you may not be able to protect him as you told Alana you would?”

“It’s just the job, Doctor Lecter. Every noise is a murderer,” he said, even Will could hear the evasivness in his tone. “I should probably head back home.”

“Of course. If you have further concerns do not hesitate to contact me. Please let me send you home with dessert for you and your wife,” Hannibal suggested politely.

Will lingered by the open bedroom door until he heard the front door close and lock.

“Are you coming downstairs for supper you naughty thing?” He called up the stairs. “If there is one tiny scratch on that ornament I will banish you to the spare room for three months,” he said. Will carefully placed the glass wolf on the table, not a single scratch.

He came downstairs to find Hannibal placing a plate of food he had saved for Will on the table. “You lied to Jack,” he accused.

“Did I?” He asked, raising an eyebrow.

“You told him I longed for my childhood, you know that’s not true,” Will said, taking a bite of the perfectly charred meat.

“I said you *may* long for simpler times. Speculation is not a lie,” Hannibal countered. “Remember Will, I have seen you working on boat morters, it brings you peace.”

“You believe that is my anchor?” Will asked with a slight smirk.

“No. But the whole reason Uncle Jack sent you to me is so he can rest his head without worrying about you,” he said, taking a sip of wine. “If he knew the truth of our relationship it would cause him unnecessary distress. I only sought to reassure him that you had the anchor you require to keep you steady.”

“I have you,” Will said with a soft gaze.

“Always,” Winston nudged his knee with a wet nose. “And of course your loyal protector,” he added. He stood and collected some homemade dog treats, feeding Winston from his hand. “Good boy,” he praised.

“He loves Papa H too, don’t you Winston?” Hannibal gave him a playful scowl.

“He looks to me every time you say that now,” he complained.

“Because he knows your name,” Will said with a beam. “And he loves you.”

Hannibal joined him back at the table. “You will never convince me to allow him onto our bed.”

“I know,” Will said with a confident smile. “He’s gonna win you over himself.”

“Is that right?” Will nodded.

“You seem interested in meeting Jack’s wife,” Will said. “How come?”

“Jack seems very reluctant to bring her to my dinner table. It makes me curious,” he answered. “He made a comment tonight suggesting he was worried I would diagnose his marital problems. Which usually means there is something to diagnose.”

“Maybe he just wants to spend time alone with you,” Will suggested.

“Jealous?” Hannibal asked.

“Beverley and Jimmy are into ‘Doctor Dreamy’ too, but no,” Will shook his head. “I know I have nothing to be jealous of,” he said. “Right?”

“A very rational sentiment,” Hannibal said with a smile. With a naughty little smile Will picked up his half-finished meal and wine glass and placed them in front of Hannibal before sitting on Hannibal’s lap to finish up. “My sweet little mongoose,” Hannibal said with a huff of laughter. Wrapping his arms around Will’s waist to keep him steady. Will finished his meal and washed his plate then he joined Hannibal in the living room to finish the bottle of wine.

“Something on your mind, darling?” Hannibal asked, as Will leaned into his side.

“Mind reader,” Will accused.

“So there is something.”

“Abigail,” Will sighed. “Everyday Jack becomes more and more certain that she is a killer,” Will said. “The public is beginning to wonder the same. Freddie Lounds is the only one not

attacking her and that's because she's more interested in attacking me and getting a book out of Abigail."

"Innocent until proven guilty. There is no proof of her involvement as of yet," Hannibal told him.

"Do you believe she is innocent?" Will asked.

"I told you what happened to Nicholoas Boyle," Hannibal said.

"That was self-defence, it proves nothing about what happened with those other girls," Will insisted.

"It may prove that she is capable of muder, in order to protect herself," Hannibal said softly.

"We are both responsible for her now," Will said, nodding to himself.

"Yes. You and I know what a monster truly looks like," he pulled into a tight embrace, burying his face in Will's curls. "No matter what part Abigail took in her Father's crimes, she is not a monster but a victim and you and I, we are going to protect her."

"And Winston," Will added, speaking into Hannibal's chest.

"Yes. We will protect Winston and he will protect her too," Hannibal said. "Alright," he said eventually and patted his lap. Winston immediately leapt onto the couch and settled himself across them both. "Just the downstairs furniture," he told Will.

"Thank you Hannibal," he said, reaching up for a gentle kiss.

“You are welcome,” he answered.

“I love you.”

“I love you, too.”

The three of them snuggled up together on the sofa. Comfort and love enveloped them, once so alone they were now together. Winston was not the only one to have found his forever home.

Chapter End Notes

Kudos and comments, critiques and requests. you know the drill. Next week everyone finds out and Jack is always the last to know.

If there are scenes you wish to see let me know as soon as possible. Bakugzou, I'm gonna add a little jealous Will just for you.

Survive, live and thrive and, whenever possible, eat the rude. xxx

Meet My Husband

Chapter Summary

Hannibal and Will reveal their relationship and Jack is the last to know.

Chapter Notes

I extended this fic to five chapters but you get two in one day! Please enjoy and supernatural fans please look for a little Easter egg. ;-)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

It was surprisingly easy for Hannibal to find reasons to visit Will's workplace. Lunch with Alana, an insight on the latest case, any excuse to visit his husband. It was on one of these visits he noticed the interest Alana had begun to show in his Will. He had provided a profile to Jack and then went to find Will in his darkened classroom. The smell that greeted him caused the hairs on his neck to stand up. He recognised the scent of pink roses that lingered on Alana's skin from her usual perfume but over that was a new scent, something darker. The sweet scent of lilies was chased by notes of coffee and dark chocolate. A new perfume then, interesting. As he walked into Will's lecture hall he smelt something else coming from her that made stomach tightened his possessiveness, arousal. "Alana, what a pleasant surprise," he said, face arranged into a congenial smile that masked the urge to drag her away from his husband and strangle her with the thin necklace around her throat. A twinkling pendant was glinting at the edge of her cleavage in an attempt to draw the eyes there. "Have you also been invited to give a fresh perspective on these files?" He asked, knowing that she hadn't.

"No, I just wanted to ask Will for a small favour," she answered, smiling brightly at Will, fluttering her eyelashes.

"Do you require privacy?" He asked, letting a slightly cold edge slip in."

"Hello Hannibal," Will interjected with annoyance.

“Good afternoon, Will,” Hannibal responded, with a small smile before turning back to Alana in expectance of an answer.

“No, of course not,” she answered with a slight blush before turning back to Will. “I was thinking about getting a dog but it doesn’t seem right to go to a breeder when there are dogs in shelters. I wondered if you knew of some good places? I haven’t ever taken care of a dog before so I guess I was hoping you could give me some tips, over coffee and maybe help me choose one?” She suggested helpfully. Will flicked his eyes to Hannibal for half a second, immediately seeing the uncalled for jealousy in his clenched jaw.

“There’s plenty of good shelters in the area but different dogs have different needs. We could visit a couple this Saturday if you want?” He suggested pleasantly. “I’ll pm you about it, okay?”

“Great! Thanks Will,” Alana said with a grin, oblivious to Hannibal’s subtle shift in demeanour as he moved to stand closer to Will. “Talk to you later. Bye Hannibal,” the second her bouncing hair left the room he turned to Will with fire in his eyes.

“Is the reason you wish to keep this secret so you can date your co-workers?” He asked coldly.

“I’m helping her pick a dog Hannibal,” Will said, coyly avoiding his gaze as he stood to grab the file they were pretending to look at. He felt Hannibal’s strong arm around his waist pulling him roughly back against him.

“You delight in tormenting me, cruel boy,” he whispered against his ear.

“Jealous?” Will teased with a laugh.

“Always,” Hannibal growled, roughly palming his ass. Before turning Will for a possessive rough kiss. Will melted into him for a brief second before drawing back.

“Hannibal there’s no door here,” he pointed out, still being held tightly against Hannibal’s chest. Hannibal presented a mildly surprised expression as though he had not noticed that caused Will to laugh before Hannibal dragged him to the side, just barely out of the line of sight for any passing student or staff member. He pressed Will up against the wall and swiftly stole his tie before unbuttoning his husband’s shirt, toying with the ring around his neck. “What are you doing?” Will hissed quietly.

“I’m visiting my husband at work,” Hannibal claimed, shedding his jacket and waistcoat, smiling when Will automatically reached out to open his shirt.

“Anybody could walk in,” Will protested, unable to hide the fact that the thought turned him on more than he thought it would.

“Then you need to be quiet, don’t you sweet one?” He teased, kissing along the line of WIll’s windpipe and guiding Will’s hand to the bulge in his pants. “Do you really wish me to stop?” He asked, lips brushing against Will’s ear.

“No,” Will moaned softly, almost silent, palming at Hannibal’s erection. He let out a short yelp when he felt a large hand slide into his boxers. Hannibal smothered the sound with his lips.

“Hush, mylimas,” he taunted. He dragged his lips over Will’s jaw and cheeks as he watched Will bite down on his plush lower lip, trying to stay silent as Hannibal took him in hand, jerking him off swiftly. “I want you to spend the afternoon in soaked boxers before you come home to me, desperate for more,” he whispered, with a fierce growl. “If you forget, for even a second who you belong to, I will make sure to come here everyday to remind you.”

“Fuck, Hannibal,” Will gasped, wrapping his trembeling hand around Hannibal’s length.

“You know how I feel about such language,” Hannibal warned, nipping at Will’s earlobe sharply. Will began to stroke over Hannibal’s length, thumb flicking over the head. “Mmmmm good boy,” he praised. Will let his head fall back and thrust his hips into Hannibal’s hand, whimpering quietly to keep from moaning loudly. “My good sweet boy,” Hannibal cooed, kissing his way down Will’s neck to press his lips to Will’s chest, over his heart, gentle and loving. Will was seconds away from asking Hannibal to take him over the desk when he heard the click of boots at the entrance of his classroom.

“Will? Jack wants a meeting now, Hannibal brought by the profile and- oh God!” Beverley’s voice cut out as she came far enough into the room to see what was happening. Will yanked his hand out of Hannibal’s pants, turning away while Hannibal leisurely removed his hand, much less embarrassed than Will.

“Good afternoon Miss Katz,” he greeted smoothly, zipping up his pants.

“Oh my God,” she repeated, her head tilted as she moved slowly closer. “Oh. My. God,” Hannibal could see her put the pieces together as she reached for the glittery jewellery hanging around Will’s neck. “You’re married?” She asked, looking between the two of them. “Seriously?” Will turned his back, struggling to fix his clothes as Hannibal calmly buttoned up his shirt. “Does Jack know?”

“Not yet,” Hannibal answered with a shrug. “It appears Alana was unaware of our relationship when she recommended me and the situation has become complicated.”

Will finally turned around, still dishevelled but decent. “So, no-one knows?” Beverley asked with her brow furrowed. “How long have you been together?”

“Ten years,” Will mumbled.

“Almost ten years married and we were together for two years before that," Hannibal clarified. “We would be grateful if you could keep this a secret for a little while longer, please?”

Beverley nodded, looking somewhat dazed. “Twelve years,” she repeated. “Jack’s head is gonna explode,” she said eventually, then giggled. “Aww, Jimmy’s gonna be so disappointed,” she said after a moment.

“Beverley, please, just don’t tell anyone not yet,” Will asked desperately. Hannibal reached out to rub a soothing hand through his hair, drawing him closer.

“Secrets safe with me,” Beverley said, pressing a finger to her lips. “Mostly because I’m really excited to see how this plays out.”

Hannibal chuckled softly. “As am I,” he said conspiratorially. “You should probably get to your meeting now darling, I shall see you at home,” he took the opportunity to give Will a soft kiss before donning his waistcoat and jacket.

“Okay, see you later,” Will said with a small smile.

“Goodbye Miss Katz,” Hannibal said politely before leaving, contenting himself with the fact that Will would be a distracted, rilled up mess for the rest of the day.

“Goodbye Doctor,” she called after him. “Oh my God Will!” He blushed deeply. She surprised him by pulling him into a hug, he stiffened up and awkwardly patted her back until she released him. “You’re married to Doctor Dreamy!”

“Yeah, I know,” Will said with a laugh.

“And you’re happy?” She asked.

“Yeah, he’s amazing,” he said, smiling like a fool.

“Okay, Mister Dreamy. Wipe that stupid smile off your face before we get to Jack’s office or everyone’s gonna know you were getting it on with your hot hubbie,” she teased.

He managed it, only just and as Hannibal predicted he could not concentrate and almost raced out of the building after his last class.

Winston raced to the door to greet him when he arrived. “Hey there. Where is Papa H?” He asked. “Hannibal?” The kitchen was for once not full of smells and devoid of Hannibal. He went into the dining room to find Hannibal sitting at the head of the table looking like the cat that got the cream, chilled fruit and jugs of melted chocolate lined the side along with a bowl of whipped cream and a jar of honey.

“Good evening, my darling,” he greeted, casual in his shirt and slacks, no tie and his shirt sleeves rolled up to his elbows. The way he looked when preparing dinner. “I was not in the mood for sushi but having you spread out across my table was too delightful an image to delay. Why are you still dressed?” Will stripped quickly leaving his clothes on a chair and moving forward to kiss his husband, working to open his shirt further. “On the table,” he instructed. Will shook his head, straddling Hannibal. “Are you feeling impatient, love?” He asked, lightly brushing his hand over Will’s aching member.

“Very,” Will breathed, grinding himself forward, hand sliding into Hannibal’s shirt, finger tips grazing over a nipple. “No teasing, please,” he whined.

“Do as you are told and I will not deny you much longer,” Hannibal said gently, combing a hand through Will’s hair. “Did you touch yourself after I left?”

“No,” Will answered, still squirming in Hannibal’s lap. “I wanted you.”

“Did you enjoy being caught in my arms, chasing your pleasure, having my love for you be witnessed?” Will shook his head, burying his face in Hannibal’s neck as his dick betrayed him by jumping and leaking a heavy drop of pre-cum. “Are you sure, my dear, it seems like one part of you found it very exciting?” He purred playfully. “Tell me you enjoyed it as much as I did.”

“I wish we were caught screwing on the desk,” he gasped, face flushed with embarrassment.

“If I had been buried in your tight ass I would not have been able to stop, regardless of who walked in,” Hannibal said darkly, sharp teeth teasing his earlobe.

“Good. I wouldn’t want you to.”

“My thrilling boy,” Hannibal praised. “On the table now,” he patted Will’s thigh, ending the conversation. With a needy whine Will obeyed and lifted himself onto the table before laying back with his legs parted, muttering something about Hannibal’s definition of ‘much longer’. “Stop your complaining or I may decide to be cruel,” Hannibal warned with a playful smirk.

Will relaxed back onto the wood, already swollen to full hardness when he felt Hannibal hands move over his thighs, parting his legs further and blowing cool air along his erection. He mercifully ended his teasing and took Will’s red tip into his mouth, sucking it firmly and flicking his tongue over the slit, drawing forth musky fluid. He flattened his tongue, cradling the underside of Will’s dick as he slid his head forward, taking his full length into his throat. Vibrations raced over Will’s length as Hannibal growled low in his throat, his hollowed out cheeks creating a soft warming cavern of heat. His warm soft hands ran over Will’s thighs and ass, keeping him totally present and focused on the feeling of Hannibal wrapped around him. Will thrust upwards into Hannibal’s mouth chasing the sensation and pleasure that he had been robbed of earlier. Hannibal moaned around him, encouraging him to continue his desperate movements until Will exploded in his mouth with an animal howl of relief, tears in his eyes.

Will panted heavily in his attempts to take in air, mewling softly as Hannibal lapped up every last drop of cum and cleaned his tip with quick darting licks. Hannibal hushed him softly, hands travelling over his torso as he waited for Will to come down from his high. He was beautiful like this, too lost in pleasure to speak or even control his twitching muscles. His sweat slicked, slim body was so tempting, all Hannibal could think about was teasing him further.

Once Will lay still, breathing still laboured, Hannibal moved him up the table so he was fully on display. He spread out his arms and legs, arranging him easily despite the heavy exhaustion in his limbs. He plucked a large juicy strawberry from the bowl, running it along Will’s lower lip waiting for his lips to part before pushing it past his teeth, smiling as Will moaned at the tart juices, spilling over his taste buds as he swallowed the small bite. Hannibal finished the fruit before bending over Will for a kiss. “Delicious,” he murmured against Will’s lips.

He moved away, setting up a record to play romantic classical music softly in the background. Will lay waiting, completely relaxed and comfortable on the firm bare wood, warm and satisfied as he listened to Hannibal move around, humming along with the record. He hummed in pleasure when warm melted chocolate was drizzled over the right side of his chest, the sensation pleasant as it slid over the skin. Will smiled lazily as he felt the thick

liquid slide down his side onto the table, Hannibal neat tendencies ignored in favour of hedonism. He forced himself to stay still and loose as he was prepared for dinner.

Will let his eyes fall closed as he smelt the fruity sweet scent of ruby chocolate before it was poured over the left side, spreading to mix with whatever kind of chocolate Hannibal had chosen to begin with. Damp, light whipped cream was spread around his belly button, in decreasing circles until it was covered. He felt a chunk of fruit be placed in the centre. “Very pretty,” Hannibal praised him, causing that internal glow in Will’s stomach. He felt a strong pull to please Hannibal, the complex parts of his mind shutting down as his nerves lit up with increased sensitivity. Warmth spread along the length of his right thigh, the liquid thicker, spilling less easily. The process repeated on his left thigh, a thin offshoot streaming towards his penis, chased swiftly by Hannibal’s tongue.

Sweet stickiness was spread along his arms before Hannibal’s fingers came to his mouth, lingering an inch away. “Can you lick your lips for me, my love?” Will obeyed, instantly dampening his pink lips. Hannibal’s fingers moved over his parted lips, spreading icing sugar over them carefully. “Eyes open, for me,” he instructed softly, smiling warmly at Will when their eyes met. “How beautiful you are.”

A blush travelled down Will’s body when Hannibal pulled out his camera and he fought the urge to turn his face away. Hannibal smiled and nodded his approval. He prowled the length of the table as Will’s eyes followed his predatory movements without a hint of fear but a thrill of arousal, his dick standing to attention and silently begging for Hannibal’s touch. “Such a beautiful wanton creature,” he purred. Circling the table again he paused to take photos of Will decorated in chocolate, cream and honey, waiting to be devoured and flush red at being displayed and photographed.

Once he had documented his tableau fully Hannibal bent his head and sucked up the sour cherry nestled in the swirl of whipped cream, tongue darting out to take in the brandy laced cream. He picked another long stemmed cherry from the bowl and dipped it in the cream before bringing it to Will’s mouth. “Open,” Will accepted the fruit happily, the sour taste and spike of alcohol tasted wonderful and he moaned his appreciation.

Hannibal speared a slice of banana on a long fork and swiped it through the pink chocolate puddled on his chest, the metal points stinging slightly. He gave Will a wolfish grin as he slipped the fruit into his mouth, licking his lips in satisfaction before taking another slice and dragging it over his right nipple coating it in milk chocolate. Will opened his mouth in expectation and Hannibal chuckled softly before eating the slice himself. The motion was repeated with the rich dark chocolate spread over his thigh, Will let out a jealous whine,

pouting a little. Hannibal petted his hair sweetly before dipping a fourth slice of banana in white chocolate and bending low over Will's face as he swallowed it. "Please?" Will asked sweetly. Hannibal kissed his sweetened lips gently and took a slice with his fingers, drenching it in warm milk chocolate before sliding his fingers into Will's eager mouth letting his fingertips linger in Will's mouth as he consumed the sugary treat before lapping at Hannibal's flesh.

"Your manners have improved greatly," he said sweetly. Hannibal took a chunk of grapefruit, drawing the pink flesh along his arm, scooping up a trail of honey and popping the snack into his mouth. He fed his fingers, sticky with acidic juice and sweet honey into Will's mouth, enjoying the moan of pleasure that sounded around his drenched digits. After dragging another piece through the golden slick he placed it between his lips and bent over Will's face, pushing the fruit into his mouth with his tongue and reaching for an undisturbed bowl.

He brought the bowl into his hands, swirling his fingers through the thick liquid there, sticky and slick like clotted water. He knelt between Will's legs, nuding them apart and urging his knees upwards. Will followed his direction, raising his knees higher until his hole was exposed to Hannibal's golden flecked eyes. He picked up a bunch of purple grapes. "Eat up darling," he said, waiting for Will to take the bunch in his own hands. Will arched his back and dangled to bunch above his lips, making a performance of eating them. "Very attractive, my dear," Hannibal acknowledged with a nod. He drenched his fingers in liquid and spread it over the sensitive skin surrounding Will's fluttering hole, teasing the hole but not pushing inside.

The melted food on Will's body shifted leaving him decorated with streaks of colours and tastes, a work of art. Hannibal slicked up his member and entered Will roughly, the lack of prep leaving Will even tighter than usual. He moved slowly, pausing when Will hissed at the burn, waiting for a nod before pushing in fully. Will wrapped his legs around Hannibal, encasing his ribs and smearing chocolate between them. Hannibal's hands moved over Will's chest, messing him up further as he began to move inside him deep and steady, Will's back sliding over the smooth wood of the table.

Will's head tipped back with a strangled gasp of pleasure. His arms flung out, his grasping fingers tipped the bowl of spiked cream, drenching his hands and the table in the sticky substance. He reached for Hannibal, smearing the cream over his neck and shoulders with a delighted grin. With a particularly rough thrust Hannibal lowered his head to lap over the smeared sweetness on his chest, he drew back and smeared chocolate drenched fingers over Will's face with his own smile. With a chuckle he popped a plum strawberry into his mouth, rocking his hips forward into Will.

Will pushed his body upwards, pressing his face into Hannibal's chest, chocolate mixing in his chest hair. His hands widely scrambled over the table towards the condiments, submerging his hand blindly and bringing it to Hannibal's fine hair, tangling pink chocolate in the carefully styled mane. Hannibal snarled and shoved Will backwards, ramming into him hard as he poured the remaining dark chocolate over Will who responded with a handful of syrup soaked peaches smashed into Hannibal face with a breathless laugh. Hannibal laughed darkly as he licked the dripping syrup from his lips before sprinkling a handful of icing sugar over Will's sticky face and licking a stripe of chocolate from his cheek. Will giggled and popped a strawberry into his mouth, turning his head to kiss Hannibal around the plump fruit, sharing the taste of tart juice and melted chocolate. In a mess of sweet smeared food Will moved them so he was braced on top of Hannibal, bouncing on his thick cock and moaning wildly.

Both covered in fruit juice and melted chocolate they continued screwly and laughing loudly. Bowls were upended and spilled as they continued spreading food over each other and tasting the mixture. Will came first, coating both their chests with seed and panting Hannibal's name over and over again. Hannibal gripped Will's slender waist and emptied himself inside him with just a few more erratic pumps.

Will fell forward on top of Hannibal, kissing him lazily and breathing heavily. "My messy, messy boy," Hannibal said with a chuckle, combing hands through Will's knotted hair. Will laughed weakly and squirmed to lay pressed against Hannibal's side. Hannibal ran his fingers through the chocolate and cum on Will's and offered the dirty fingers to Will who sucked them clean with a moan. He offered Hannibal a grape and helped himself to a slice of Orange. Hannibal swallowed the snack and reached for his camera, slung over a chair by its thick strap. Will buried his face in Hannibal's shoulder, lapping the cream there as Hannibal looked through the photos. "Look at you," he said, glazing down at Will's blushing face.

"Did you need to take photos," he groaned with an embarrassed smile.

"Yes," Hannibal answered simply. "I had considered sending photos of you looking so pretty and debauched into Tattle Crime but I think I will keep these for myself," he said, giving Will a gentle kiss on the crown of his head.

"Empty threat," Will said, stretching himself out like a cat.

"You believe so?" Hannibal asked cooly, raising one thin eyebrow.

“Yup,” Will said with a grin, propping himself up on one elbow to loom over Hannibal. “You know how I know?” He asked with a soft laugh. Hannibal tilted his head in curiosity. “You’re not in a single photo,” he pointed. “So no-one would know who I belong to,” he said before pressing a kiss to Hannibal’s lips.

“That is true,” Hannibal said with a nod. He shifted slightly and raised the camera above their heads. “Smile, darling,” he coaxed with a smile and snapped a photo of them both grinning lazily, faces flushed. “Are you fully satiated, mylimas?” Hannibal purred, pulling Will into a sticky hug. Will nodded with a smile, curling into Hannibal more closely. “Good,” with a final lingering kiss he moved to his feet and began gathering the bowls together before heading towards the kitchen.

“Hey, where are you going?” Will asked with a pout.

“Tidying up,” he answered, returning with kitchen roll and spray. “Now you can clean this mess up,” he said firmly.

“Shower first,” Will said, sliding off the table with reluctance.

“No,” Hannibal answered, grabbing him around the waist with a feral grin and lapping at a spot of honey. “You do the table, I the dishes and then I will wash every inch of your beautiful body,” Will turned himself to face Hannibal, wrapping his hands around Hannibal’s neck, drawing him into a flavorful kiss. “Be a good boy and clean,” he ordered, nipping Will’s jaw. Will turned to face the table, bending over to display himself as he cleaned. “Sinful boy,” Hannibal said fondly, slapping Will’s ass before returning to rinsing the dishes before sliding them into the dishwasher, taking longer than needed.

Will came back into the room just as he was finishing, still a beautiful mess. “All done, my love?” He asked.

“Yes, time to get cleaned up?” Will asked, pressing his filthy body to Hannibal’s.

“Yes, but first I am going to check your work,” he said teasingly.

“Really?” Will asked, following him into the dining room. “You don’t trust me?” He asked with a light giggle.

“I know how naughty you can be, my darling,” Hannibal said with a smile. “And I know how disappointed you would be if I failed to notice,” Will blushed and squirmed. “Have you been a good boy?”

“I clean it properly, I promise,” Will said with a nod. Hannibal trailed his hand along the gleaming, spotless table with a proud smile. His expression changed when he ran his fingers along the underside and came away with a smear of cream on his fingers, he turned to Will, tutting.

“I’m very disappointed in you Will,” he said voice silky smooth and dark with intention. Hannibal came closer, wiping the cream off on Will’s already messy curls.

“I’m sorry,” Will said, gazing up at him through thick lashes.

“Very pretty, but I don’t believe you,” Hannibal said, shaking his head.

“I am,” Will said with a slight whine. “It was a mistake, I promise,” arousal pooled in his stomach at the look in Hannial’s dark eyes while something cold trickled down his spine. It had been an honest mistake and part of him was physically resistant to the thought of disappointing his fussy husband. A stronger part of him wanted to see how Hannibal would react.

Hannibal hummed slightly, raking his gaze over Will’s form, making him feel very small. “Come,” he ordered, turning and striding up the stairs leaving Will to trail after him. Even naked and smeared with sweet treats Hannibal exuded power, his back straight and head held high, not even glancing at Will, hurrying to keep up. He did not acknowledge Will until they were both in the walk in shower with Will on the edge of the spray, shivering slightly. Will knew there were multiple sprays meaning that Hannibal had chosen to leave him uncomfortable. He handed Will the puff and jerked his head slightly towards the wash. Will

moved closer and gently licked at the smear of white chocolate on Hannibal's shoulder. Hannibal jerked away. "No," he said firmly. "Hurry up and clean me properly."

Will obeyed instantly pouring soap over the large puff and soaping up Hannibal's body, reglaury rinsing and reapplying soap in order to remove all the chocolate, honey and juices. Hannibal moved away when he began to linger for pleasure but allowed Will to take his time working his chest hair until it was cleared of any mess. Finally the soapy water ran clean and Hannibal took the puff from him before gesturing to the shampoo on a higher shelf.

Will worked the shampoo through his sticky tangled hair as gently as he could, trying to detangle the stands without pulling. He titled Hannibal's head back to rinse the fragrant soap from his silvering hair. Will carefully washed his fine hair three times before he was satisfied it was clear of food. Hannibal did not correct or praise him, simply waited for Will to move onto the conditioner. Will smeared a generous dollop through his hair, carefully coating it and massaging his scalp firmly. When Hannibal moved his head backwards Will protected his eyes as he moved his free hand through the smooth strands.

Hannibal adjusted the controls so Will was also under a warm shower and shifted their positions so he stood behind Will. Without a word he began to clean Will who was considerably more filthy than he was. His movements were clinical, bordering at rough on times as he scrubbed Will clean. He didn't linger over Will's dick but Will saw him purse his lips in displeasure from the corner of his eyes before he moved on. Hannibal dragged his hands through Will's curls, scrubbing it roughly to remove all the traces of cream and chocolate before conditioning it with a little more tenderness.

Will shuffled backwards against Hannibal, looking for affection and finding him hard. He pushed his ass against the hard length with a hum, smiling when Hannibal hand moved around his waist, coming to hold his penis. Will tilted his head backward, resting on Hannibal's shoulder and turned his head to kiss his jaw. He saw Hannibal reach for the controls, twisting the heating before rapidly stepping back. Will took in a sharp breath as the water turned icy cold, on instinct he tried to step forward out of the spray but Hannibal's hand on his sternum kept him in place. Will followed Hannibal gaze to the clock, focusing on the second hand with his teeth gritted. Thirty seconds ticked by, achingly slow as Hannibal disinterested gaze dropped down to his rapidly softening dick, a ghost of a smile on his lips as he turned off the water.

Will followed him from the shower, cold water dripping from his hair as he shivered. Hannibal wrapped himself in a thick towel, handing a much smaller one to Will. "Dry yourself off and come into the bedroom," he ordered, not ungentle in his tone. He stripped off

the duvet, placed it on the sofa and untangled the firm bondings strapped to the side of the bed while Will rubbed himself dry. He was forced to leave his hair damp and walked through to the bedroom.

Hannibal gave him a micro-smile and walked toward him, cupping his face and stroking his cheekbones with the pads of his thumbs. “You are lucky you are so very pretty, my wicked boy. Stay,” he went to the bedside drawer and brought out a small object, concealed in his hand. Will could not see what it was but he stayed in place as Hannibal sank to his knees in front of Will, watching his dick jump in anticipation. It was not Hannibal’s warm hands that he felt but the cool of a rubber ring, rolling up the length of his penis until it sat secure but not tight around the base. Hannibal did not have him wear the ring often and this one was flexible enough to allow him to grow hard though it would not be comfortable and would keep him from coming until Hannibal decided to remove it. Hannibal rose to his feet. “Safeword.”

“Mongoose.”

“Good boy,” Hannibal said with a touch of warmness before kissing his forehead. “On your back on the bed,” he ordered, voice chilled again. Will crawled on the high bed and lay back. Hannibal strapped his wrists and ankles into the bondage so he was held secure but not stretched out uncomfortably. Hannibal moved onto the bed, straddling him but holding himself up so Will missed his comforting weight.

“Since you were so lazy you are going to just lie there and look pretty while I enjoy you and leave you unsatisfied. If you behave yourself and beg sweetly for me once I’m done, I may allow you to get yourself off,” he explained slowly stroking his semi hard member lazily.

“I’m very sorry, Hannibal,” Will said with total sincerity, gazing up at him.

“You can apologise again once I’m finished with you and I may believe you,” Hannibal said kindly. He spit into his hand and began pumping his shaft more rapidly, moaning loudly. “Dirty, lazy, little whore,” he grunted with each pump. “Such a pretty wicked creature,” he said with a sneer. Will could feel his blood rush south, the ring feeling tighter, more uncomfortable, the mix of insults and praise driving him crazy. “Gorgeous, all mine to enjoy!” With a shout Hannibal came, shooting stripes of his essence over Will’s chest, a few drops landing on Will’s parted lips.

“Open up,” Hannibal cooed with a smile, shuffling forward and sliding his softening dick between Will’s lips. “Show me you are good for something and use that pretty mouth to get me hard again,” he growled, lowly. Will sucked on the softening member, the sensation oddly arousing as he worked hard to serve his husband well. He moaned as Hannibal thickened in his mouth but before he could enjoy the feeling of being full Hannibal pulled back without a word, jerking himself off, using Will’s spit as lubricant. “Your lips look wonderful, all swollen and red, you awful naughty thing,” Will tilted his hips up with a needy sound. “Dirty, greedy boy. You wait your turn,” he ordered with a smirk, blowing him a mocking kiss. Will tugged weakly on the binding around his wrist, his futile struggle drew a rough roar out of Hannibal as he came again, splattering his essense over Will’s flushed cheeks.

When Hannnibal moved forward Will opened his mouth wide, tongue lolling out in invitation. Hannibal patted his cheek with affection and slid his member between Will’s stretched lips, letting him lick away the sweat and spilled cum before suckeling sweetly, encouraging his sensitive flesh to grow hard again. Hannibal tugged gently on his hair, using the leverage to angle his head but not seeking to hurt his dear boy. Once he was hard again he moved away causing Will to let out a pitiful, frustrated whine of want. “Don’t whine, pretty one. When you learn to be a good boy, you can suck a hard cock,” he moaned, twisting his wrist as his thumbs swiped over the angry red head. “Are you going to be naughty again?” He asked.

“Wasn’t being naughty,” Will argued with a pout. His body arched off the bed as far as his bindings allowed, a thin sheen of sweat coating his body, along with the drying remains of Hannibal cum.

Will…” Hannibal warned in a low voice.

Will shook his head, breathing hard as his cock pulsed angrily. “It was an accident,” he said, eyes wide and body trembling with need. “I didn’t mean to be bad.”

Hannibal ran a hand through his damp curls with a condensing smile. “Oh, baby boy. Were you being stupid, not naughty?” He asked. Will nodded, panting heavily. “Sweet thing, don’t have a single thought in that pretty little head do you?” Will thrust his hips upward, brushing against Hannibal’s pelvis and crying out when he moved away again. “Dumb slut,” he grunted, picking up the pace, sweat beading on his brow. “Useless stupid little boy, only good for looking pretty,” he let out a long moan. “Beautiful.”

His movements became erratic, clumsily fucking into his hand, broken enderaments mixed with moans fell from his fine lips as his face contorted in tortured pleasure as he drew closer to his fourth orgasm of the night. Will watched him with rapt attention, he looked godlike, the most erotic sight he had even seen. He had never looked so incredibly beautiful as did now, chasing his pleasure so desperately. His stunning dark eyes blazed, the colour of blood almost completely obscured with black and focused intently on Will, searing his soul. Fine greying hair fell over his forehead, the only sign of his loss of control, cheeks flushed and lips parted. He came with a silent gasp, a weak trickle coming from his abused cock.

He fell forward, crashing his lips to Will's and kissing him with ferocious passion. With great effort he moved to the side, cuddling up against his husband's restrained body. "Would you like to beg now, my sweet foolish boy?" He asked, voice rough and breathless.

"Please, Hannibal, please can I get myself off, please," he whined, softly. Hannibal hummed in appreciation and kissed Will's shoulder in encouragement. "I'm sorry for being a dumb slut and letting you down. Please, forgive me. Let me come, please Hannibal. I'll be good, I promise. I beg you, please," his words ran together, tumbling from his lips in a messy stream of desperation, tears building in his eyes.

"There, there, mylimas," Hannibal gently, reaching down to unclip the rubber ring. A sliver of pre-cum ran down his length as he gasped in relief. Hannibal unbuckled one wrist, guiding it downward, "You did so well darling, let me see you please yourself," Will trailed his hand down his chest, sucking in a sharp breath when he wrapped his fingers around the hypersensitive dick, almost purple from being denied for so long. It took his three hurried thrust to come with a howl, adding his release to Hannibal's. "Good, sweet boy, so very beautiful," Hannibal praised, peppering his face with small kisses. He gently released Will's other hand and his ankles, gently caressing the skin there. When he slid off the bed Will let out a weak protest, Hannibal kissed his forehead warmly. "Hush, sweet one, I won't leave your sight. Don't I always take care of you?" Will nodded and watched Hannibal through half-lidded eyes as he moved into the bathroom, leaving the door open so Will could see him as he wet a towel with warm water. He returned to wipe the mess off Will's chest and clean the sweat from his brow.

Will sighed and snuggled into the duvet when Hannibal draped it over him before retrieving a juice box and a couple of sugar cookies from his bedside drawer where he had tucked them away earlier. "Here, love," he said softly, punching the straw in before handing it to Will who shuffled into a half sitting position. Will smiled in thanks and quietly nibbled on the cookies and drank his juice as Hannibal lay pressed against his side, fighting sleep. When he was finished he lay back, grinning sleepily at Hannibal. "Your timing," he said with a short laugh.

“Less than desirable?” Hannibal asked, eyes half closed.

“Not with your recovery time,” Will answered, gently sweeping his hands over Hannibal spent, flaccid cock. “Lights,” he requested.

Hannibal reached a hand over to the lamp and waved his hand in the air above it with a sweet smile. “Abracadabra,” he said softly as the light went out. Will giggled softly and curled into Hannibal’s arms, nuzzling into his chest with a pleased murmur. Hannibal wrapped his arms around Will and pressed his lips to the curl of his ear. “You are my precious, clever, beautiful, brilliant boy. You deserve everything wonderful my dearest husband and I could love no-one as much as I do you,” he said softly. Holding Will close with an arm tightly clasped around his waist he combed his free hand through Will’s curls, his eyes closed as he continued to whisper praise and promises of love until he drifted off from exhaustion, his soft snores lulling Will to sleep.

Will’s head was thumping the next day. His body was sated but aching from lack of sleep, he would’ve loved to spend the day in bed with Hannibal but there was another grisly murder demanding his attetention. Every time it got harder and harder to look, sliding into the minds of killers got easier and Hannibal was the only thing keeping his head afloat. Alana was teaching more of his classes than he was and he found himself missing the soothing time spent talking at students in the dimly lit room. He hated visiting Abigail with killers still lurking in the cracks of his mind but with Hannibal listed as a guardian they agreed that he should form a bond with her. She was anxious to leave the clinic that Alana and found her a place at and Hannibal had promised her a home with them if she wanted it.

The angel maker’s work was sickening but in the end he put an end to it all himself. Will wanted to stop right then, before he was the one hung from the rafter, desperate for relief. Jack convinced him that he couldn’t, pressing his needs onto Will’s fragile mind, twisting it and bending it to his own agenda. That left Will struggling to grasp at his own thoughts and wants and it only stopped when he watched Hannibal kill. His displays brought him peace and was a small revenge against Jack for using him

Still tangled up in images of another killer’s work Will picked at his eggs, too distracted to engage in conversation. “Will, are you here with me?” Hannibal asked.

“No,” Will admitted, reluctantly, rubbing a hand over his face. “It’s the work again. I want this to be the last one,” his voice did not share the conviction of his words.

“You have said that before,” Hannibal observed mildly.

“I want to but then I see pictures of their victims and I think of Abigail,” Will said. “What if I had been there after only four girls died? Would Abigail have been safe?”

“She is safe now Will. Free from a Father who fantasised about killing her and forced her into assisting him in order to survive,” Hannibal reminded him, gently taking his hand. “The FBI have many talented profilers and there is a reason they have a screening process.”

“I’m unstable,” Will said.

“And Jack Crawford will continue to push you until you break,” Hannibal said with seriousness. “I will go above him if you need me to.”

“Sorry Jack, my husband doesn’t want me hunting killers anymore,” Will said with a short laugh.

“I am your therapist as well as your husband, Will,” Hannibal reminded him.

“For now,” Will said, looking Hannibal in the eye. “I’m done, I want everyone to know I’m yours.”

“You are truly ready, my darling?” Hannibal breathed.

“It’ll be ten years a week from yesterday. It’s about time we celebrated in public and I know how you hate going to the ballet alone,” he said with a small smile.

“There is a rather ridiculous scheming Mother I would love to introduce you to if only to stop her flinging her poor daughter at me. The girl is still in her twenties and a perfectly demure, accomplished young lady who would bore me to tears,” Hannibal said with a bright smile.

Will snorted out a laugh. “Seriously Hannibal, scheming mothers trying to wed their daughters to older respectable men, what century are you living in?”

“You find me respectable?” Hannibal asked, his lips twitching in amusement. “Knowing what your bacon is made from?” He pressed, looming over Will.

“A minor flaw,” Will said, matching his smile.

“I love you so,” Hannibal said with a soft growl.

“I love you too,” Will answered, tugging Hannibal closer for a kiss.

“Go get Winston’s leash, I think some fresh air would be good for you,” Hannibal suggested, with a warm smile.

“What ballet are we going to see?” Will asked, hopping off his stool.

“Beauty and the Beast,” Hannibal answered.

“Oh, good. At least I’ll know the story,” Will answered with a smile.

“I am very much looking forward to showing you off,” Hannibal said, moving to cup Will’s face in his. Will blushed and turned to kiss the palm of his hand. “Are you nervous about the attention?” He asked, Will nodded shyly.

“I still wanna go with you,” Will said, peeking up at him.

“Thank you, my darling,” Hannibal praised. “I promise I will make sure to repay your kindness ten fold,” he said seductively. “Now come, Winston needs his walk,” he kissed Will lightly before heading to the door. Will whistled for Winson before they followed him.

Another pair arrived at the dog park not long after Hannibal and Will. The bright summer day resulted in the park being pleasantly busy without being overcrowded. “I can’t believe I’m agreeing to this,” Zeller complained, loosening the leash so his jack russell, Pavlov, could stretch his legs.

“It’s not a big deal,” Jimmy argued, with a bright smile.

“You are using my dog to try and score a date, feels really weird,” he bitched.

“I play wingman for you at bars,” Jimmy reminded him.

“Great idea, let’s go to a bar and leave Pavlov out of it,” Zeller suggested.

“He needs exercise and I really need to get laid so unless you’re volunteering, hand me the leash,” he said, holding out his hand in a grabbing motion. With a sound of annoyance, Zeller reluctantly did so.

“Don’t let him off the leash and please watch him. He’s getting old and I don’t want him getting in a fight with an alsation,” he instructed. “What are you smiling at?”

“It’s cute how you fuss over him,” Jimmy answered with a shrug.

“He’s my best friend,” Brain replied.

“Offended!” Jimmy snapped, mouth open.

“He talks less and doesn’t care about bees,” Zeller responded.

“Apples, plums, strawberries, coffee,” he listed with complete seriousness.

“Yes, I know the bees are important,” Zeller interrupted. “You said you would stop with the list if I planted the seeds,” he reminded him.

“Thanks for lending me your dog.”

“You’re welcome,” a cheerful blonde dog ran into their path, tail wagging furiously. “Hey there, who do you belong to?” He asked, crouching to greet the stranger as he and Pavlov sniffed at each other.

“Aw, he’s cute,” Jimmy grinned.

“Winston!” A familiar voice called, jogging toward them. “Hey,” Will greeted, when he recognised them. Pavlov noticed the newcomer and leapt up with a yap of excitement. “Hello you, aren’t you friendly?” He said, petting the animal, clearly more comfortable with dogs than people.

“Doesn’t know he’s being used,” Zeller muttered.

“I need the ball,” Jimmy said suddenly, something, someone, having caught his attention.

“What?” Jimmy didn’t answer, instead reaching into Zeller’s pocket himself, retrieving a purple tennis ball. He waved it in front of Pavlov’s face until he had his attention before launching it towards a handsome, curly haired brunette with a bouncing chihuahua, almost hitting the man in the chest. He grinned when Pavlov ran after the ball and followed after

him. “He stole my dog to try and pull,” he said with an eye roll. “I can’t watch this,” Jimmy couldn’t be more obvious if he was painted neon.

Will laughed. “At least he’s got good taste,” he joked, turning to launch Winston’s ball across the park. Winston took off at lightning speed and Will strolled away in the direction he went, smiling when Zeller fell into step with him.

“How long have you had Winston for?” He asked.

“About five years, I got him just after moving to Baltimore. He’s a rescue,” Will answered, totally at ease speaking about his dog. “He used to panic every time he saw another dog but he’s really grown,” he said with a proud smile. Winston caught the ball and streaked through Will’s legs towards a bench. Will turned his head to follow him with his eyes, smile widening.

“Doctor Lecter?” Zeller said in surprise.

“Winston loves him,” Will said fondly, watching their dog drop his favourite toy at Papa H’s feet. His brow furrowed when he noticed the man sat next to Hannibal, leaning in closer than was normal with a flirtatious smile on his face.

“Guess Jimmy isn’t the only one looking to pull,” Zeller observed. He looked at Will in surprise when he heard him let out a quiet sound that almost sounded like a snarl. With more self-assurance than anyone at the FBI had seen from him he strode over to the bench.

“Hello Will, having a good time?” Hannibal asked pleasantly, eyes swiftly flicking over to Zeller who was watching them curiously. Will inclined his head, speaking to Hannibal so softly only he could hear.

“We can come clean today?” He checked.

“If you wish,” Hannibal replied, equally quiet. Will smiled savagely and plopped himself in Hannibal’s lap, smiling sweetly at the stranger and ignoring the choked sound Zeller made. “Will, this is Anthony Dimmond, he was just telling me about his dog’s history in competing. Anthony, this is my dear husband, Will.”

“He’s cute,” Will said nonchalantly, gazing at Anthony’s dog and trying not to melt. He was a beautiful dog, his pure snow white fur was neatly styled and he looked up at Will with an adorable smile. Obviously a pure breed, he displayed himself proudly as if before a judging panel.

“Hemingway,” the man supplied in a fine British accent, his bright eyes roaming over Will’s body, licking his lips. “He’s a champion,” he said proudly. “I assume your boy is a… mutt?” He asked, directing the question at Hannibal as though it was a private joke.

“Winston is a rescue,” Hannibal said, polite but with a sliver of ice in his tone as a hand slid possessively over Will’s thigh. “We don’t know his exact lineage but he is a wonderfully clever and sweet boy, I find him very beautiful,” he said warmly. “He’s a very good boy,” he held out his spare hand and Winston picked up his ball, placing it carefully in Hannibal’s palm. Hannibal smiled down at him and tossed the ball across the park, Winston chased after it, tail beating furiously.

Anthony was still smiling at his private joke but seemed to understand Hannibal’s subtle rejection. “Terribly sorry to cut the party short but Hemingway has an appointment at the groomers. Lovely to meet you Doctor Lecter, Will,” he drawled rising to feet, flicking his chocolate waves back.

“Do you have a card?” Hannibal asked, with a charming smile. Anthony’s eyebrows went up but his half smirk didn’t falter. He reached into his jacket pocket and handed it to Hannibal, his fingers brushing against Hannibal’s without much discretion.

“Feel free to call any time,” he said, eyes sliding from Hannibal to Will. “I am always looking for inspiration. Good day,” with an exaggerated wink he sauntered away. Will smiled at Hannibal and pressed a kiss to the corner of his mouth as he pocketed the card.

He moved off Hannibal’s laps to sit pressed against him, Hannibal arms slung casually over his shoulders. Zeller moved into Anthony’s vacated spot. “Husband?” He asked after a

moment. Will laughed softly. “This is like an opposite wingman thing, right?” He asked.

“No. Will and I have been married for almost ten years,” Hannibal answered, lifting Will’s left hand to show off his ring.

“Right. No, I don’t get it,” he said with a shake of his head. “Aren’t there ethical concerns?” He asked.

“Alana was not aware of our connection when she recommended me as a psychiatrist. Technically Will is not officially my patient so there are no ethical boundaries being crossed,” Hannibal answered.

“Except lying to Jack,” Will reminded him.

“Does anyone know?” Zeller asked. “At work I mean,” he clarified.

“Only Beverley,” Will answered.

“When are you gonna tell Jack?” He asked. Will looked at Hannibal.

“He’ll know by the end of the day,” Hannibal said with a private smile.

Jimmy joined the group. “Here,” he passed the leash to Zeller.

“Struck out?” He asked, with a grin.

“No!” He said with a pout. “The chihuahua tried to bite Pavlov,” he said. “So there, I choose your best, bee-hating friend over getting laid. Happy?”

“Will is married to Hannibal,” he answered, hiding a pleased smile.

He stood silent, mouth opening and shutting mutely for a full minute. “Who knows?” He eventually asked.

“Only Beverly,” Zeller answered with a wicked smile.

“Why would you tell me!” Jimmy whined. He turned to Will and Hannibal with wide eyes. “I’m not supposed to know secrets, I can’t keep anything secret, I tell everyone everything. You know that Will, why did you tell him?”

“Relax, he didn’t tell you,” Zeller said, stifling laughter.

“It’s the same thing!” Jimmy hissed. “If you know, I know and if I know everyone knows!”

“It’s fine, Jimmy,” Will said. “By Monday you can tell everyone. The whole hemisphere if you want,” he said, smiling at Hannibal. Returning the loving look, Hannibal raised his hand and pressed a soft kiss to the knuckles. Drawing a soft aww from Price.

“So you just need to go thirty-six hours without calling Jack to catch him up on the hot gossip,” Zeller said, grinning widely.

“What did I do to you?” Jimmy asked. Zeller raised his eyebrows in response. “Lately.”

Zeller laughed and stood up. “Okay, I’m sorry. C'mon, I’ll hide your phone for you,” he said, raising a hand in goodbye.

“Have fun,” Will responded, noting Jimmy’s obvious blush and the discreet tinge on Zeller’s cheek. He turned to Hannibal whose head was tilted in consideration.

“Interesting,” he observed. Winston returned and dropped his ball in Will’s lap. “One more, then home time,” Hannial said, reaching for the ball and discreetly letting the back of his knuckles brush against Will’s crotch.

“Don’t start that unless you are going to finish it,” WIll growled softly, gripping Hannibal wrist.

Hannibal smiled fondly. “My apologies, love,” he said softly, brushing his lips against Wills.

After a minor battle in releasing Winston they headed home. “Are you ready to share your plan?” Will asked, while chopping vegetables.

“Plan?” He asked.

“For Jack finding out we’re married.”

“Oh, I thought we could just let Jimmy tell him,” his smile was almost invisible but not quite.

“Tell me,” Will demanded, pulling Hannibal away from the stove and pressing him into the opposite wall.

“I have asked you not to interrupt me when I am pan frying,” Hannibal warned with a smirk. “I find burnt food unforgivable.”

“Then tell me and you can get back to your pork chops,” Will urged him, kissing along Hannibal’s neck.

“Fine,” he placed his hands on Will’s hips and moved him to one side, returning to the ‘pork’ sizzling in the pan. “If you agree, I was hoping to invite Jack and Alana to join us for your

therapy session tonight," he added seasoning with a flourish. "And I would like them to enter my office to find you spread naked over my desk, screaming my name," he finished, with a dark smile."

"You know Alana can report you, endanger your licence," Will pointed out, adjusting his growing erection.

"Did you have something else in mind, dearest?" Hannibal asked.

"No, I just know how important your reputation is. Other than that, it's a great idea," he said, face warming slightly.

"Neither you nor the FBI have paid me to treat you. Alana is fully aware of this and that is why she has made no effort to stop me from discussing your treatment with Jack, a very serious breach of ethics," Hannibal explained. "But thank you for thinking of me," he turned down the heat and brushed a hand through Will's hair, leaving it to rest on the back of his neck. "If you are at all uncomfortable you need only say so, mano mylimasis."

Will bit his lip and considered the idea. His body warmed with embarrassment at the idea of being caught at the point of orgasm, despite the heat in his cheeks his dick was growing hard. He loved being displayed by, and for, Hannibal and he couldn't deny that after Beverley had caught them he couldn't help but fantasise about them being caught in an even more compromising situation. Hannibal stepped forward, nosing at Will's curls. "You smell wonderful. Arousal and shame at what you desire," he purred.

"I want to do it," Will said, inhaling Hannibal's scent.

"My brilliant sinful boy, I am so glad I married you," he pulled Will into a hug.

"I love you," Will said, resting his head on Hannibal's chest.

“You are the most precious thing to me, my darling boy, I love you so much,” Hannibal said, voice thick with emotion. His grip on Will tightened, bordering on painful.

“Your foods gonna burn,” Hannibal sighed and released Will with reluctance. Will leaned against the counter and observed Hannibal, he could recognise when something was on his mind. Hannibal would share it when he was ready and Will would give him whatever he needed, be it affection, sex or a kill. Hannibal glanced at the vegetables that Will had stopped chopping and raised an eyebrow in question. “Sorry, babe, you’re distracting,” he said with a smile.

Will was distracted throughout dinner, near enough crawling out of his skin with anticipation. Hannibal’s slow bites were not helping, his tongue peeking out to lap at the sauce on his lips, arching his throat slightly when he swallowed. The distraction caused him to miss his own mouth, smearing fragrant sauce on his cheek, the slice of meat falling to the floor where Winston collected it swiftly. Hannibal looked over at Will with light disapproval as Will cleaned his face with his napkin. “Take off your shirt,” he said calmly.

“What?” Will blurted in surprise.

“You know how I enjoy you in blue, I’d rather not see you ruin one of my favourite shirts,” Hannibal replied. Will hurriedly unbuttoned his shirt as Hannibal moved his chair closer to Will and took his cutlery.

“I’m gonna make more mess if I have to eat with my hands,” Will pointed out. Hannibal smiled slightly; he didn't answer but drew Will’s plate closer, neatly cutting up his meat. Hannibal speared a piece of pig and brought it to Will’s lips. Will took the offering meekly, he spoke when another was picked up. “I can feed myself,” he protested.

“Evidently not,” Hannibal observed, wiping a stray drop of sauce from his cheek with the pad of his thumb, smearing the drop on Will’s lips. Will blushed but took the bite obediently. “Being so good for me today,” Hannibal praised. “I do so love seeing you bare your teeth with jealousy.”

Will swallow. “Not jealous,” he argued.

“No?” Hannibal asked, eyes dancing. “You normally resist the urge to sit in my lap in public,” Will moved forward to take a helping of bright vegetables but Hannibal moved the fork away, looking at him expectantly.

“I wasn’t jealous,” Will insisted. “He was being rude. You were wearing your ring and he hit on you anyway,” he complained.

“Are you so sure he was not just being friendly?” Hannibal teased.

“Yes, and he called Winston a mutt,” Hannibal laughed softly and brought back the fork.

“Rude but factual,” Hannibal admitted. “This may not matter as you are ‘not jealous’ but Anthony’s interest increased drastically after I pointed out my lovely husband,” he looked very pleased by the blush on Will’s face. “My dear sweet silly little mongoose,” he said fondly.

“Still rude,” Will insisted petulantly.

“His card is in the rolodex, my dear,” Hannibal said soothingly. He dragged the last slice of meat through the delicious sauce and brought it to Will’s lips. With a smug smile he returned to his own meal, finishing it in silence.

Will observed Hannibal as he finished and they cleared the table before moving into his office with a glass of wine. With a sly smirk he leaned back in his seat and forced himself to relax. “You are nervous, Doctor,” he said in amusement.

“A little,” he admitted, glancing down. “As much damage as this job has done to your mind, you do find purpose in it. Once released the genie cannot be put back in the bottle and I want you to be certain. I would much rather you did not continue your work as a profiler but I do not want to influence your decision.”

“I’m certain,” Will said. “It feels like the right time.”

“The angel maker is finished, he has achieved his goal,” Hannibal said, taking a sip of his blood red wine. “Are you finished?”

“I feel like I can’t stop until Jack decides to release me,” Will admitted, biting on his lower lip.

“He will not do so until you are used up and of no use to anyone,” Hannibal said with not a small amount of scorn.

“Or until I catch the ripper for him,” Will answered, with a tight smile.

“Do you truly wish to be released?” Hannibal asked.

“Yes.”

“Then we will force his hand,” Hannibal said, clearly pleased.

“How?” Will asked, leaning forward and licking his lips.

“The truth shall set you free,” Hannibal said with a wicked grin, he retrieved his phone and sent some messages, waiting until he received a reply. “He will be here in forty-five minutes, along with Doctor Bloom.”

“Alana?”

“Two birds, one stone,” Hannibal said. “How shall we fill the time?”

Will grinned and drained his glass. He placed it on the table and moved to stand between Hannibal's legs, leaning down he pressed a kiss to his husbands soft lips. Hannibal rested his hands on Will's hips, accepting the gentle kiss, stroking his thumbs over the curve of Will's waist.

He unzipped Will's flies and tugged him forward, mouthing at his length through the soft boxers, moaning as he felt him harden under his ministrations. When the scent of precum became too tempting to ignore, Hannibal tugged down his boxers, smiling when Will stepped out of the fabric pooled on the floor. Will awkwardly removed his socks, his hand on Hannibal's shoulder for support. "So lovely," he said with a smile.

"I thought you enjoyed me in blue?" Will asked, with a raised eyebrow.

"I enjoy you in blue, I worship you like this," he said with a feral grin. Leaning forward he swallowed Will to the hilt, his hand moving to fondle Will's balls. Will moaned loudly, his hand carding through Hannibal's hair. He gazed down at Hannibal, a thrill of electricity jolted through his lower stomach as he noticed that, while Will stood naked as the day he came into the world, Hannibal was as well-dressed as always. His suit was as ostentatious as usual and his waistcoat brocade, seeing him service him in his finery was incredibly arousing. "Will you keep your clothes on while you fuck me?" He asked, breathlessly.

"Next time," Hannibal said sweetly, drawing back to nuzzle at Will's erection. "I intend to have Jack and Alana walk in on me making love to my precious husband. I have cancelled my appointments for the next three days so you may have me anyway you want," he told him, pressing wet kisses along Will's hard shaft.

Will dragged Hannibal's tie free of his waistcoat and untied it as Hannibal worked on his erection. Hannibal took Will's full length and hollowed out his cheeks, drawing back while sucking him hard, finally releasing the head with a wet pop. He moved to his feet, pressing light kisses along his throat as he stripped off his clothes, tossing them onto his desk. Hannibal's hand wandered down to Will's ass, massaging the soft flesh there as he sucked on Will's neck, leaving faint marks on the pale skin. He bent slightly and lifted Will off his feet, urging Will to wrap his lips around his waist and carried him towards his desk.

He gently placed Will on the desk and pressed his torso against Will's until he was laid flat against the smooth wood. Hannibal lifted Will's legs and placed his feet on the edge of the table, drawing him forward so his ass was exposed to Hannibal's touch. He leaned over Will

kissing him deeply, his raging hard on, digging into Will's stomach. "You have no idea how much the idea of others seeing me claim you arouses me," he murmured against his lips. Accent heavier than usual. "I look forward to showing you off in your finest clothes and then bringing you home and cutting them off you," Will moaned, arching his back and clutching Hannibal's shoulders.

Hannibal drew back, running his hands along Will's torso, grinning at the way Will moaned for him. He pulled open a drawer with one hand, lazily jerking Will with the other. Hannibal trailed the silky liquid over his fingers, caressing Will's hips with his dry hand and stroking his hole with slicked fingers. Will spread his legs wider and raised his hips, eager for more and feeling impatient. One long finger slipped in easily, swifting followed by a second finger. Hannibal's expert hands located Will's prostate, stroking it while staring into his lust blown eyes. Will hissed as a third finger entered him, spreading him further. "After so many years, you are still so tight. You are a wonder, mylimas," he breathed. Hannibal carefully worked his fingers in Will's hole, opening him up and stimulating his prostate.

"Han…Hannibal! Inside, now please!" He gasped desperately. Hannibal ran a soothing hand down his flank before lining up the head of his thick cock, sliding into Will. Will wrapped his legs around Hannibal's waist, his head falling backwards as he sighed in relief at finally being filled. "I love you," he said, reaching up to stroke Hannibal's jaw.

"I will always love you, my most wonderful precious one," Hannibal promised, the intensity in his eyes causing Will's heart to burn with love. "There is no-one else I have ever loved as I do you, you are my everything," he panted breathlessly. He pounded his hips against Will's, the sound of slapping flesh, a staccato background to their mixed moans and gasps.

Will arched up and grabbed Hannibal's shoulders dragging him down and crushing their bodies together. Hannibal buried his face in Will's neck, panting heavily against him as the desk shook beneath them. Hannibal licked along the column of Will's throat, groaning at the taste of sweat and Will's heated skin. Will's grasping hand went to Hannibal's silvering hair, burying a hand in the soft strands, his other arm coming round to embrace him. Will's cock throbbed with the friction from their stomachs while his nipples hardened from the tickling of Hannibal's thick chest hair.

Hannibal heard the approaching footsteps through his cracked open door. He smiled at Will wickedly, his teeth glinting and he drew back, slamming into his harder making Will cry out in ecstasy. Jack heard thumping and snarls from inside and moved in front of Alana, his hand resting on his weapon.

He opened the door swiftly and his mouth dropped open in shock. Alana's face drained of colour and Jack froze in shock. Will almost laughed at their looks of surprise then Hannibal gave his dick a few rapid pumps and his vision exploded into bright white light and he screamed Hannibal's name through his orgasm. Hannibal pulled Will up and into his arms, holding him close as he thrust into him a final few times before emptying into him, moaning long and low.

Jack regained the use of his voice. "Will!" He snapped loudly.

Hannibal ran a hand through Will's sweat drenched locks and drew back, reaching behind for a robe he had ready for Will. He helped him into the robe and Will dropped to his feet, wobbling slightly for a few seconds before releasing Hannibal and standing unaided. "One moment," he said calmly, redressing himself, clothes slightly more rumpled than before.

"Hannibal, this is so far beyond the limits of ethics I have no idea what to say. You could lose your licence for this and it would be completely deserved. This is a total abuse of your power," she scolded, stepping forward, her pretty face red with outrage. "Completely inappropriate!"

Hannibal guided Will to the couch and sat next to him, raising his arm to let Will press into his side. "Please take a seat, Alana, Jack," he said placidly. Will had to hide a giggle at how they did as bid, Hannibal's command of the room never wavering. "You are quite correct that to sleep with a patient would be completely inappropriate and a massive abuse of power. However, Will was never officially my patient."

Jack turned to Alana "Would this mean Will's clearance in invalid?" She scowled at him but Hannibal spoke first, voice chilled.

"Interesting how that is the first thing your mind goes to."

"It would be a good idea for you to not speak right now," Jack snarled.

“How can you ask about his clearance now?” Alana hissed. “Will has been taken advantage of in a horrific way and you are still more concerned with using him to catch killers?” She asked in disgust. “You agreed that he needed help, I am disgusted with both of you.”

“You don’t need to worry about my clearance Jack,” Will put in. “I quit.”

“You can’t,” Jack blurted, his lips twisting.

“Yes, I can and I do,” Will said with certainty. “Working for you is not good for me.”

“Did you tell him to do this?” Jack asked Hannibal, eyes flashing dangerously.

“I do not make Will’s decisions for him,” Hannibal told him, curling an arm around Will’s shoulder, protectively.

Jack opened his mouth to argue when Alana cut him off. “Shut up Jack, Will should never have been out there in the first place, I told you he was too vulnerable. Regardless of technicality this was plain wrong Hannibal,” Alana repeated.

“You recommended him,” Jack snapped. Alana’s face flushed but after a moment she nodded slowly.

“That’s true,” she admitted quietly. “Will, I am so sorry. Please forgive me.”

Will smiled kindly. “Alana, there is nothing to forgive,” he assured her.

“I’m reporting you for this,” Jack growled at Hannibal, Alana nodded in agreement.

“That is unnecessary,” Hannibal said easily. “We have done nothing wrong.”

“How can you say that!” Alana nearly yelled, voice distraught.

“Because Will is my husband,” he answered, mouth curling upwards. A stunned silence fell over the room. “I realise that this is a surprise for you, however it was never our intention to deceive you this long,” Hannibal said, with very little contrition. “I only intended to help on the Hobbs case but when Alana referred Will to me for therapy we decided that it was best to keep our relationship status to ourselves.”

“Why?” Jack barked.

“Because, as a rule, I don’t trust therapists but I do trust Hannibal,” Will answered. “Alana, you know how important trust is for therapy,” he said with a tentative smile.

Jack took several deep breaths. “Okay. You take a paid sabbatical and I will speak to legal about this. Before you return we will have you speak to an FBI certified therapist and have them clear you,” he said.

“No, Jack,” Will answered. “I quit,” he repeated. “The Angel Maker was my last case.”

“You are putting lives in danger by doing this,” Jack warned.

“I’m putting myself in danger by continuing,” Will said darkly.

“We have had four killings in the past six months that could be the work of the ripper, Will. We need you to solve this,” Jack pleaded. “You can’t go back to your classroom and keep on talking about him without doing anything to stop him. It’ll destroy you.”

“Jack,” Hannibal interrupted, his voice whip sharp. “If you are going to continue to try and manipulate my husband in our home I must ask you to leave.”

“How long?” Alana asked softly.

“We have been together for twelve years and married for ten,” Hannibal answered. “Please do not worry, Will is perfectly safe under my care,” he said, with a warm look towards Will.

Jack shot to his feet. “I will still be speaking to legal and the head of faculty,” Jack threatened. Hannibal resisted the urge to roll his eyes at his blustering.

“Good day Jack,” he said pleasantly, as the furious man stormed out. “Alana, would you like a strong drink?” He asked kindly, seeing how pale she still looked.

“No, thank you,” she answered. “I just need some time to process this,” she answered, rising to her feet.

“Of course, I hope you will agree to join us for dinner at a later date,” Hannibal suggested.

“A much later date,” she replied. Her eyes darted to the exposed skin at the neck of Will’s robe, her cheeks pinking and she remembered her flirting. Hannibal noticed her wandering eyes and moved his hand to pull the lapels closer together, leaving the hand there, drawing attention to his bejewelled wedding band. “Goodbye,” she said hurriedly and scurried out.

Will snorted and buried his face in Hannibal’s shirt, shaking with laughter. “His face was totally worth it,” he said. “You must have enjoyed that.”

“Very much, dearest,” Hannibal said, stroking his hand through Will’s curls. “I adore showing that you are mine,” he purred, nipping at Will’s pulse point. Will curled in close to him.

“I love you, Hannibal.”

“I love you too, Will,” Hannibal responded, sounding thoughtful. “I have something for you,” he moved to a drawer and retrieved a piece of paper, handing it to Will with a serious expression.

Will read it, not understanding the importance. It was just a name, Fergus Crowley, followed by a phone number. “What is this?” He asked.

“Fergus Crowley is a contact of mine from a very long time ago. You know I trust no-one but you but Crowley does keep his deals, no matter what it takes. If I am ever apprehended he is responsible for making sure you are safe until I can make my way back to you,” he explained. “That is the number for a line set up only for you,” he looked down at the floor before continuing. “You are mine, Will. Mine to love and enjoy and care for but never to harm. I need to protect you as best I can.”

“I don’t understand,” Will said, taking Hannibal’s hand in his.

“If you ever feel that you need to leave me, call that number. Crowley has contacts who can help you,” he said, forcing out the words with difficulty.

“You would let me go?” Will asked, voice shaking slightly.

“Never,” Hannibal said, his grip on Will’s hand tightening. “I realised long ago that I cannot and will not live without you and if I were ever to lose you I would hunt you until my dying breath,” he paused and collected a deep breath. “This is how you stand a chance.”

They sat in silence for a long moment. Will folded the paper and placed it on the table. “I don’t want it,” Will said firmly. He straddled Hannibal’s lap, pulling him into a tight embrace. “Thank you, Hannibal,” he whispered in his ear.

“You understand?” Hannibal asked, looking up at him.

Will nodded, arms around Hannibal's neck. "You trust me not to leave you," he stated and Hannibal nodded, pulling him closer. "All I want is for you to keep me, as I intend to keep you," he sighed happily. Hannibal turned his face and kissed him deeply. "Let me see you," Will demanded. "Tonight, please," he whispered, pressing up against him.

"Anything, you want, my precious husband," Hannibal said, kissing along his cheekbone. "Do you wish to fish with me?" He purred seductively.

Will grinned wickedly and slid off his lap. "No," he responded. "I want to take a long hot bath while I wait for my husband to bring home dinner."

"I have the perfect thing," Hannibal told him. He leaned in for another kiss, biting Will's lower lip. "I will see you soon, darling boy."

"I look forward to it," Will said, standing up and letting his robe drop.

"Wicked boy," Hannibal growled, baring his teeth. With a cheeky wiggle Will headed upstairs.

Hannibal retrieved his ipad and logged onto social media and found his target in less than ten minutes. He was on his way to hunt before the bath was even full.

Chapter End Notes

Kudos and comment bring me joy. Constructive criticism and requests are always gratefully accepted.

Let me know what you thought of the big reveal or more on to chapter five if you need yet more smut and gore, I promise the target deserves it.

Survive, live and thrive and, whenever possible, eat the rude xxx

To Love A Monster

Chapter Summary

A final chapter of smut and blood.

Chapter Notes

Wrapping this puppy up with murder and rough sex, ending were we began.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The target was easy. Cocky and well built he drew attention to himself and paid little attention to his surroundings. Hannibal had wanted him for three years and with him posting his location on facebook Hannibal only had to wait.

When Martin English stumbled out of a cheap night club Hannibal was watching, waiting for an opportunity. He could not snatch him right away as he was with a group of similar well dressed men with too much product in their hair. A sounder of swine, barely old enough to drink. They were all so alike, all blonde, tall, muscular and handsome. The world taught them privilege and they had never once questioned it.

The opportunity presented itself when the young man's phone chimed. "Sorry lads!" He said loudly. "Got an offer from someone much hotter than you guys," he said with a smirk.

"No such thing," one countered with a loud laugh.

"Fine, someone with a pussy," he replied. Hannibal's lip curled as he and his group laughed like vicious hyenas. "I'll catch up with you in a couple of hours."

"No love without a glove!" One called after them. Martin flipped off his friends and turned the corner.

The moment he was out of sight Hannibal was on him. He pressed his hand against the drunken fool's windpipe, gracefully dodging the elbow aimed at his nose. The boy panicked, forgetting any self-defence or advice he had received as he ran out of breath, all his hard earned muscles meaningless in the presence of a true predator. Hannibal smiled when he fainted, delighted with his choice of target. He swiftly bound the man's hands with zip ties and dumped him ungently in the trunk of his more discreet vehicle.

By the time he pulled into the garage the boy was awake and making quite the racket, kicking at the inside of the boot. Hannibal opened the trunk and grinned down at him, pure predator. With a stream of curses he kicked out towards Hannibal. He caught the foot and twisted it roughly drawing a scream from his victim, Silence fell when Hannibal punched him in the face, breaking his nose and knocking him unconscious. Hannibal easily lifted the man over his shoulders, slightly disappointed when he felt that his meal was all muscle, lean meat was always less flavourful. "Honey, I'm home!" He sang into the house, heading straight to the basement.

He stripped the man and strapped him down as Will came to join him, barefoot and beautiful. "Hello, my love," Hannibal greeted with a smile, pulling Will into his arms. "Do you recognise him?" He asked, clearly pleased with himself.

Will looked down at the solid man, brow furrowed as he tried to place the handsome face. Martin's eyes blinked open, taking a few moments to focus on Will, standing comfortably in Hannibal's arms. "Fucking faggots," he spat automatically.

"I remember," Will said, sneering at the man.

"Do you like him?" Hannibal asked, sweetly.

"Very much, darling," Will said, turning to kiss him. Hannibal moved over to the other side and unwrapped a collection of knives.

"You come near me I will rip your fucking dick off," Martin snarled, strainng against his bonds. Will rolled his eyes at his disgusting assumption and popped open the box containing

his ornamental pistol. He slowly moved over to Martin feet, blasting a hole in each sole, shattering the delicate bones.

He was still howling in pain when Will grabbed a fistful of his blonde hair, directing his face towards Hannibal. “That gorgeous man is my husband,” he said proudly. “I get to make love to him every single night, so why would I ever want to fuck you?” He spat.

“I remember you,” he said, gasping loudly. “Your the ass-fucking bastards that got me fired!” He shouted loudly. “That was three fucking years ago!”

“You hurt my beloved’s feelings on our anniversary,” Hannibal told him, coldly. “And you were fired because your boss took offence at the disgusting slurs you spent an hour muttering under your breath, none too quietly, I might add.”

“My girlfriend dumped me because of that!” He complained.

“Yes. the pretty redhead,” Will remembered. “Sophie, right?” Hannibal nodded. “She was as horrified as we were at your actions. After you had been asked to leave she apologised profusely and received a very generous tip.”

“This is all about some insult from three years ago!” He raged in disbelief and anger.

“Have your views changed at all?” Hannibal asked in curiosity.

“No!” Martin spat with an ugly smile twisting his face. “Your a cock-sucking faggot who should burn in hell!” Lightning fast Hannibal sliced into the man’s chest, a shallow long cut.

“As ugly on the inside as you are pretty on the outside,” Hannibal observed. He opened up his stomach, examining the organs. “A wonderful selection,” he said happily. “Very healthy, any requests my dear?” He asked.

“I’m craving steak and kidney pie,” Will said, ignoring the whimpers of pain. Hannibal smiled and spread the slit open further.

“If you would,” he gestured towards the wound. Will curled his fingers inside, holding him open with his bare hands while Hannibal carefully removed his kidneys, warm blood coating them both. He placed them into the ice cooler before picking up an elegant carving knife.

Will moved over to examine the knife collection whie Hannibal carved into the pigs thick thighs. He carved a long slice of meat from each thigh, and carefully stored it. “Remind me to pick up some goose fat from the butcher tomorrow, mylimas,” Hannibal said casually.

“Will do,” Will replied, twirling a slightly more ornamental knife. He pressed himself close to Hannibal with a soft kiss. “You think he’s pretty?” He asked with a pout.

“He is attractive, yes, but not nearly as lovely as you,” Hannibal said with a smile. He pressed his face to Will’s. “Help me make him as ugly on the outside as he is on the outside,” he suggested, grinning wickedly. Will returned the smile and turned to face the sobbing pig. He dug his knife into the pigs cheek, dragging it downwards destroying his pretty lips and almost cutting them off.

Hannibal selected his own knife and cut off a nipple, his cuts more shallow and controlled. Together they worked over his spasming body, carving and cutting into his flesh, never going deep enough to make his death quick. His blood leaked out, drenching the floor and their hands, up the elbows in slick copperly liquid. After hours of torment his breath became slow and he could no longer struggle, more blood and exposed muscle than skin, barely resembling what he had once been.

Hannibal took Will’s knife from him before he unintentionally ended his short life. When he raised a clean knife to slit his throat, Will came around the table and pulled Hannibal’s free arm around him, his back pressed to Hannibal’s warm chest. Cradling Will with one arm he drew the knife across the homophobes throat, blood spurting up and splattering them both. Will arched his back, shoving his ass into Hannibal’s crotch with a debauched moan, Hannibal leaned forward and licked blood from Will’s neck. “Fuck me,” he gasped in need.

With a vicious snarl Hannibal ripped open Will’s shirt and crushed Will’s body against him, stealing his breath with a blood drenched kiss. Will grabbed Hannibal’s shirt, clutching at him

tightly, licking the blood on his lips.

Hannibal grasped Will's ass, groping him roughly as he backed him against the wall. The salty scent of blood filled the room and Will trembled at how much that turned him on. Will shrugged off his own shirt and started opening Hannibal's shirt, becoming impatient half way down and yanking it over his head. "I love it when you don't wear gloves," he moaned against Hannibal's mouth.

"I know, my dark vicious creature," Hannibal purred darkly. His hot, wet hands moved to the front on Will's pants, opening his flies one handed as the other palmed his erection. Without pausing he yanked down Will's pants along with his boxers, leaving them tangled around his feet. He pinned Will to the wall with a hand on his throat as he hurriedly undid his own trousers and kicked them off.

His hands squeezed Will's ass cheeks and brought a finger to the tight hole. Will hissed in pain as Hannibal pushed into him with only blood to ease his way. Hannibal drew back his hand and pushed two thick fingers past Will's plush lips moaning deeply when Will eagerly sucked, lapping the blood off and replacing it with his drool, spit dripping down his chin. Hannibal roughly thrust his slicked fingers into Will's hole. He growled at the burn but dug his fingers into Hannibal's shoulders rocking his ass against the intruding digits. "More!" He panted desperately, clinging to Hannibal tightly. "Fuck me, Hannibal," Hannibal brought Will's hand to his dick, wrapping Will's slender fingers around his thick cock. Will ran his wet hands along Hannibal's cock, getting his dick slick with blood. Hannibal withdrew his finger, lifting Will off his feet and dropping him onto his hard dick.

He crushed Will's body against the cool wall, his cock sandwiched between their stomach and leaking pre-cum. Will's legs came up to wrap around Hannibal's middle, pulling him closer, his hands tight on Hannibal's shoulders, using them for leverage to bounce on his dick. Hannibal tongue darted out to lick the blood splattered across Will's face, moaning at the taste of fresh blood mixed with sweat. "You are perfect," Hannibal whispered harshly.

Will's eyes went to the mutilated corpse cooling on the table, a man dead at twenty-one for hurting Will. Hannibal's love was vicious, cruel and bloody but it was all Will's and he wanted it forever. "Mine, mine, mine," Hannibal repeated over and over again, voice thick with devotion.

“Yes, fuck Hannibal, I’m yours forever,” he swore, his grip right enough to leave bruises on Hannibal’s flesh. Hannibal took Will’s throbbing penis in his hands, jerking it violently, blood mixed with heavy beads of pre-cum as he moaned desperately. “I love you! Fuck!” He screamed wildly, bucking against Hannibal. “My monster, I love you,” he sobbed against Hannibal’s neck. “God, please, never let me go.”

“Never,” Hannibal snarled. “You are mine and I will never let you leave me,” he growled, slamming into him without restraint.

“I love watching you kill, fucking you with blood on us both. I will always love you and want you and need you, oh yes, Hannibal, my beautiful husband. I love you!” Hannibal’s hand twisted around the sensitive head of Will’s penis and he came with a broken, harsh cry. The tightening of his ass around Hannibal's desperate cock pushed him over the edge and he emptied himself deep inside Will, hot ropes of cum painting his insides. Will slumped forward, body limp and half conscious against him, lips lazily moving along his shoulder.

Hands tight on his waist, Hannibal slid himself free and held Will close. “Perfect, wonderful boy, you have no idea how beautiful you look like this,” he said, clutching onto him tightly. “I could never let you go, my precious one.” Carefully he unwrapped Will’s legs, setting his feet on the floor, arms holding him upright.

Will buried his face in Hannibal’s neck, fingers buried in Hannibal’s thick cum streaked chest hair. “Will you display him?” He asked.

“Yes, my love, everyone will see what I have done for you,” he cooed, warm gentle hands stroking over his back lovingly. “Mine, for the rest of our days,” Will nuzzled against him with a pleased sleeping hum. “But first I will clean you up and tuck you into bed,” he said, sweeping Will up bridal style.

“Come to bed with me,” Will asked sleepily.

“As you wish,” he said, kissing the crown of Will’s head affectionately.

After a soft sleepy wash Hannibal dressed his husband in soft warm pyjamas and settled him into bed with loving touches. Will tugged on Hannibal's hand until he slid in next to him. Hannibal tucked Will's warm, slim body into his, dropping a kiss into his damp hair. He'd display the body after a short sleep.

He left the body to cool in the basement, choosing to spend the night warm and comfortable with his husband. When the body of Martin English was found he was identified by dental records and soon joined the many victims who might be the work of the ripper.

His murder was never solved.

Chapter End Notes

And here we are.

Kudos and comments bring me joy. Constructive criticism and requests and always gratefully received. Please let know what you thought of this chapter and/or the whole fic.

Off to work on the next fic, I may need to stop sleeping.

Survive, live and thrive and, whenever possible, eat the rude xxx

End Notes

Please let me know what you think as I'm still a little new to writing Hannigram and the murder is very new to me.

Kudos and comments bring me joy and requests and feedbacks are always gratefully received.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!